One and forty DIVINE ODES ENGLISHED, SET TO KING DAVIDS Princely Harpe.

By *S. P. L.*



LONDON,
Printed by *M. F.* 1627.

LONDON,

AN ASSAY OR BVCHANAN HIS PARAPHRASE ON THE FIRST twentie Psalmes of DAVID

TRANSLATED



LONDON,
Printed by R. T. for Richard Moore in
St. Dunstones Church-yard in
Fleetstreet. 1627.

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TO THE KING
His moſt excellent
MAIESTIE.

A King put in a baſer weede,
And brought vnto your Princely view,
Some man that may miſdeem the deed,
And doubt ſome danger to enſue,
Will ſay that no diſguiſe is good
For Kings, or for the Royall blood.
But, Sir, by bleſſed proofe we finde
Cloathes change the man, but not the minde.

With Him Heau'ns darling then aduiſe,
Who, though diſguis'd, will not diſguiſe.

VRANIA to the King.

Deſcended firſt of Kingly blood,
Bequeath'd ſince to your royall race,
More humbly-bold in hope I ſtood
Of entertainment with your Grace.
And though diſroab'd by this am knowne,
I ſing Iehouahs *name alone.*

TO THE KING

His moſt excellent

MAIESTIE.



Psalm I.

1 Blessed He, whom from the sacred way
Lewd mens contagion hath not led aside,
Nor errors paths hath trod, nor made his stay
In scorners trade, set in their chaire of pride:

2 But who to th' track of better life enur'd,
Doth on Gods Law his time, and spirits spend,

3 Hee like a tree which lusty and winde endures,
Low on a banke set by the streames, shall send
His branches wide, which in abundance yeeld,
And blesse the Planter with faire fruit, nor shower
His flowring bloomes but to adorne the field,
And mocke the Maker while it fruitlesse grower.

4 It fares not so with them, who void of grace,
Like our-lawes sleights the Heavens, they soon shall
As dust, which with the whirle-winde leaves his place,
And, mounting capers in the vaulted skie,
As if the winde did take a sport to see
It dancing there, and making many a round.

5 But when the Iudge of right shall seated be
On a faire cloud, his head with glory crown'd,
And holds his Scepter in his awfull hand
To iudge the world of sinne, them shall not prowd
Iniquity in publick presence stande,
Nor shew her face where iust men are allow'd.

6 The Heauens shall that King know to their vnspotted
Vprightnes all their actions and all endes d therin, (way,
And those that in blinde errors by-paths stray,
Shall perish with their crooked waies of sinne.

PSALM II.

VVHy doe the Nations rage, and raise the cry,
And headlong run in a tumultuous fright?
Their threats why dart the people at the skie?
2 With tyrants why conspire the men of might?
All 'gainst the Lord, and his Anointed plot,
When all in vaine their projects prosper not.
3 Why burst we not courageously, they say,
And free vs from their bonds that yoke our necks?
4 But God in Heauen, who all on earth doth sway,
Laughs at their pride, and their vain threatning
5 Then wretched them He in his rage wil cal, (checks.
And marre their plots when fury flames his gall.
6 I will, saith He, encircle with a crowne
My sacred King, that plac'd on Sion hill,
He may giue Law, inuested with renowne,
And through the world spread wide my royall will;
7 Thou art my Son (thus said the Lord to me)
Of Heau'nly seed this day begat I thee.
8 Aske Thou, and haue in tenure of free-hold,
As my sole Heire, what Earth and Sea containe;
That what the Heauens in their wide armes infold,
May all be thine, and Thou as Monarch raigne:
9 And with an iron Sceptre rule, and bray
Th'insulting proud, as Pipkins made of clay.
10 But you, who haue the honour to discerne,
And iudge the Nations by the doome of Law,
Dispell the clouds of error, while you learne
Truth from aboue, and serue the Lord in awe:

And

And you, Earth's gods, who rule with sou'raign
Be wise your selues, & see the rest do right. (might,
Serue God with feare, and finding sweet content,
Ioyne with your ioy that awe to him is due.
That you may kisse his Son whom He hath sent,
Lest whilst you stay to rage and reuenge pursue (throw,
Soon, when iust wrath his flames 'gainst sin shall
How happy they who hope in him, you'l know.

PSAL. III.

AH what a rout, view'd either by the poll
Or by the bulk, vexe me with deadly hate!
How many troupes doe their lowd names enroll,
Conspiring all against my life, and state!
Whilst they dare say, No hopes at all remaine 2
In God for him; He looks for help in vaine.
When yet in combate often my soule bleedes, 3
And thou me shield'st that no force beates me down,
When all my praise, and worth from thee proceedes,
When thou with glory do'st my temples crowne;
When in the night I doe thy grace recount, 4
And God, my God, heares from his holy Mount,
Then cleere from cares I lye, and take my rest, 5
And rise againe as safe, and free from feare;
Whilst He doth guard, no fright inuades my breast, 6
Though endlesse troupes of armed foes be neere:
When all fell Nations bandy against me,
Thou, Lord, wilt leade the point, to set me free;
And thou wilt breake the iaw-bones of my foes,
And dash their teeth out with thine angry fist,
But thou, the hope of all, our safe repose, 7
(Whilst thou alone do'st all mishaps resist)
Thy people in thine armes of loue embrace,
And guard them with thy wonted hand of grace.

PSAL.

VVHo mad'st, and rul'st above, below,
Angells, and gods of meanest kinde,
And conscious of my thoughes dost know
The cleerer currents of my minde:

Who in a safe and spacious plaine,
(When I in straighes doe sue for aide)
Do'st lead me forth set free againe,
Whilst counsell failes, my selfe vnstaid,

Propitious with shine eare of grace,
Heare calmly what I sadly vow,
Giue way and welcome to my case
Whom hatefull spight beleaguers now.

O mindes of men enuolu'd in vaine,
And idle shadowes that deceiue,
Why will you not haue me to raigne,
Whilst you of rest your selues bereaue?

Beleeue at length, I tell you true,
Whom God hath chose from all the rest,
And grac'd him more than was his due,
No man can hurt whom he hath blest.

The Lord did heare me when I cri'd,
And laid before him my sad case,
Nor helpe I crau'd, hath he deni'd,
Or hath shut vp his gate of grace.

Then wretched you, Gods awfull might
Recount at length, and cease to sinne,

nd cast in silent bed at night
he day, and all that past therein.

'Tis not the entrals of a beast
Wherein the Lord doth liking finde,
A faithfull heart he makes his feast,
And best accepts a guiltlesse minde.

If this thou to the Altar bring,
And offer it with due regard,
If Truth be true, from Heauens great King,
Thou maist expect a rich reward.

The most of men growne out of kinde,
Affect proud wealth which they adore;
But when thy beames on me haue shin'd
With smiling looks, I seek no more.

Let others loade their barnes with corne,
And with sweet wine their cellars fill,
With gold cramm'd vp in plenties horne
Let them haue all they wish, or will.

But free from cares I'le take my rest,
And with sweet sleepes will spend the night,
With hope from Heauen thou steelst my breast,
And shieldst me safe, Lord, with thy might.

PSAL. V.

WHose supreme power o're all extends
Benignely, Lord, my prayers heare,
And with a calme and facile eare
Receiue the plaints which sorrow sends.

2 When loud I call, attentiue see
How my full vowes distend my heare,
My God and King alone thou art,
And in distresse I serue but thee.

3 Lord, heare me when I early cry,
For while pure vowes cheere hopes within,
I'le call on thee ere beames begin
To sparkle from the Suns bright eie.

4 Thou, God, who lou'st a pious minde,
And hat'st the filth of impious rites,
Let him whose soule in sin delights,
Hopelesse of thee no fauour finde.

5 Arm'd wrong flies from thy dreadfull sight,
6 Who art a foe to bloud, and fraud,
The glozing tongue that doth applaud
Foule falshood, thou wilt cut out quite.

7 Since on thy grace I, Lord, relie,
Thy sacred gates will I draw neere,
And to thy Temple goe with feare,
And send pure vowes to thee on high.

8 That I my foes slineers may finde,
Thou, God of Right, thy light display,
And in a darke and doubtfull way
Direct my steps, which else are blinde.

9 Truth shuns the lips of my proud foes,
Whilst filth and fraud keep in their roomes,
Their throates smell worse than rotten toombes,
Their tongues with treated poison glose,

And inly mindes closely to wound.

O God, the source whence all things spring,
Destroy the wicked Nation, bring
Their drifts to naught, and who dost found

And father all, confound the vaine
And idle plots they vndertake,
Quite roote them out who thee forsake,
And due to sin feele they the paine.

11 But by thy grace, Lord, guarded still
Let them be glad who fixe on thee
Their hopes alone, and feareless free
Adore thy Name, and euer will.

12 Pure mindes to Heauen which homage yeeld,
Thou cher'st with treasures from thy store,
And when refresh'd, they need no more,
Thy fauour shades them like a shield.

PSAL. VI.

WHilst anger boiles, and rage inflames thy gall,
Correct me not, though sin for vengeance call;
Whilst fury burnes, and runs a swifter pace
To bring fell plagues on body, soule, and all,
Spare, spare me, Lord, whom griefe doth so appall,
Lay iustice by, and vse thy hand of grace.

My force is spent, my bones the bodies stay,
While, since their nerues are loos'd where vigour lay,
3 And care doth weare my troubled spirit sore.
How long wilt thou neglect, and sleep away,
And leaue me in the rack, vext night, and day?
Come now, and cure from deadly feil fawes restore.

5 When

5 When he hath once ceaz'd with his griping paw
Not leauing one poore puffe of breath to draw,
Who thinkes on thee? Ah no, it it too late,
Wrapt vp in mold, made subiect to deaths law,
(Where men are like those birchs that no Sun saw)
Who there thy Name shall sing, or praise relate?

6 When in the night my grieued soule agast,
Breathes forth deepe sighes, as if the breath'd her la
With weeping eies I wash my mournefull bed,
That all the cloathes which on my couch are cast
Are wet with teares, which trickle downe so fast
As if a shower of raine powr'd from my head.

7 My sight, once quick, her vertue now hath spent
With gripes of griefe, and pining discontent,
The liuely vigour of my limmes is gone
Whilst that my foes their wiles applauding went,
And for their plots which nought but mischief ment
In my fresh cheekes now ruddy hue is none.

8 The cursed crue, Ah you, that so delight
In graceleſſe acts, hence, hence now take your flight
Cast off the hopes which you conceiu'd in vaine
9 God calmely heard the soarings of my spri't,
And though you grieue and enuy at the sight,
He heard my vowes and rais'd me vp againe.

10 Let sodaine shame mine enemies disgrace,
The guilty blush let it confound their face,
Let infamy which them to horror driues,
Make pale their lookes to shew their dolefull cafe,
And in their hearts let scorning griefe take place,
Who fled, and left me like base fugitiues.

PSAL.

Psal. VII.

Since I in thee my sliftes hope have plac'd,
(Great Keeper of all things in this our All)
Which fell in vain who alwaies me disgrac'd,
Lord, let not thou, let not thy servants fall;
Like savage beastes more like than civill men,
They plot my death, devising how, and when.

If none doe come and take my cause in hand,
As fierce Lion teares the harmlesse Sheepe,
Who at first sight affrighted doe disband,
So my fell foe (who wakes whilst others sleepe)
Will rend my limmes, whose thirst of blood is such
He sheds, if guiltlesse, he cares not how much.

If he accus'd whose faith had taindeslesse stood,
Her lying lips had warp'd and woo'n false crimes;
If I have wrought them ill, who meant but good,
Or spar'd not those who harm'd me many times,
Let me lee my foe prisse, and overtake;
And tread, trode, and field, his foot-ball make,

And let him tread, and trample in the mire
My Diadem, the ensigne of my pride;
But, Lord, arise, let vengeful lightning fire
Of my proud foes (thy mercy laid aside)
Incense thee to just ire, rise, Lord, and pay
Thy powerfull vengeance on those who Truth betray,

Arise, and let thy hatred Malice
And when displayed, all
And let all
And those
The

Thou, whose strong hand holds all the Scepters
8 And vindicats the sins done ev'ry where, (her

Reuenge my wrongs, frighdly I implore
With hallow'd mouth, and mild, plagues on my fo
9 O thou iust Iudge, who knows our thoughts bef
We speake or thinke, whose eie doth all disclose,
Batter, and bruise lewd meanes all daring lust,
Whilst grace supports and animates the iust.

10 I scorne all foes if God be on my side,
11 Who takes delight, when Candor takes her se
In mindes that haue nor welts, nor guards of pride;
And godly men proceeds when dangers threate,
And not by fits, but by a fixt decree
Menaceth death to those that impious be.

12 If stiffe my foe stands in his wonted pretence;
13 Then God soone dames his sword, he bends h
He snatcheth vp his dart of more offence, (bo
Which, where it lights doth giue a dang'rous blow
He whets his shafts, with fury fraught,
That carries death on the sharp-pointed head.

14 Behold, who great with sin hath euil shot forth
And plots against my guiltlesse soule deuis'd,
He brought to light things that were long worthy,
Like fancies which a fraught a sleeping mind,
15 He digg'd a pit, and closely hide his gin,
But missing me, himselfe was caught therein.

16 On his owne head shall all his falsehood fall,
And where they hand shall all his wrongs light,
17 Then free from sorrow, and from bitter gall
I'le sing of thee, and shine in perfect light.

And I

And glorious name. O thou all-ruling Lord,
With cheerfull mind I will thy praise record.

PSAL. VIII.

FAther, and Foſtrer of mankind,
How haue the raies of thy renowne
Aſtoniſh'd all, on whom haue ſhin'd
The beames which Heauens great light darts down?
Thy greatneſſe hath ſurmounted far
The Spheares, where ſtars bright gliſtring ar,

2 How thou do'ſt rule the world with care,
The infant age, yet ſucking tells,
That thou maiſt ſtop the mouthes that dare
Barke at thy power, which ſo excells.
Such mouthes at thee as poiſon ſpue,
And thirſt for bloud which they purſue.

3 When I behold the Heauens ſo cleere
With pureſt light made by thine hand,
When Moone, and Stars ſo bright appeare,
And all by thee created ſtand,
4 Ah, what is man in life, or lim
Thinke I, that thus thou mindeſt him?

What is his ſtock, his of-ſpring what,
To whom thou daign'ſt ſuch honour, ſuch
A graceſull eye of fauour, that
5 Hee's like a God, the oddes not much?
6 Thou mad'ſt him Prince, to vndergoe
The rule of all thou mad'ſt below.

Of all that breathes, by right of birth,
Thou mad'ſt him maſter of their wills,
7 The horn'd, and the fleec'd flocks on earth,
And all that feeders on plaines and hills,

8 Or what with wings or finns diuide
The aire and Sea, He tames their pride.

9 Father, and foſtrer of mankind,
How haue the raies of thy renowne
Aſtoniſh'd all, on whom haue ſhin'd
The beames which Heauens great light darts down?
Whoſe throne is Heauen, whoſe foot-ſtoole Earth,
Protect thine one of nobleſt birth.

PSAL. IX.

OF thee I ſing, great Guardian of all things,
To thee my heart her duties tribute paies,
Thy wonders to our ſeed that after ſprings
I will declare, and thence thy glory raiſe.

Safe guided by thy hand I'le nothing feare,
But cheerfull notes will ſing with cheerfull mind,
And will thee praiſe, who ſupreme rule do'ſt beare,
Chiefe Iuſtice of the Heau'ns, and heau'nly kind.

3 My prouder foe, who, without counſell led,
Conceiu'd vain hopes, hath turn'd, and took his flight,
And thy right-hand purſuing whilſt he fled,
With more than humane force hath foil'd him quite.

4 My greedy foes wide yawning for my bloud,
Thy wreakfull rage confounds, and rends their iawes;
Thine aide releeu'd while guilty-like I ſtood,
And from thy Throne thy doome did end my cauſe.

5 Thou tam'ſt the fury of the ſauage rout,
Thy matchleſſe might did ſo my foes diſpell,
As in the roules of Fame they were left out,
That none their names in after-age ſhould tell.

6 Lo, to what end come all theſe ſwelling threats?
Lo him that townes would leuell, and lay plaine,
That where in former times ſtood ſtately ſeats,
No memory ſhould of their ſtate remaine.

But He that ſwaies eternally this ball,
By iuſtice fixt his euerlaſting throne,
8 To diſtribute the lawes by righting all,
And ruling men that each may haue his owne.

9 When force doth ſe to hatch high ſwelling pride,
Thy gate of Grace ſtands open for the poore,
Thy caſtle of ſafe refuge thou let'ſt wide,
That all diſtreſt may enter at the doore.

10 And therefore well may they in Thee alone,
Who know thy wide-ſpread Name, their truſt repoſe,
When all the world hath by experience knowne,
Thou leau'ſt not thine to'h mercy of their foes.

11 Then ſing due praiſe vnto the Lord, whoſe hand
And watchfull eie keeps his lou'd Sion ſure,
Spread wide his wiſe decrees in eu'ry land,
Them let no bounds leſſe than the world immure.

12 For guiltleſſe bloud he takes a ſtrict account,
Reuenging it with plagues, and inward feares,
And ſuffers not pride vnrepenting to mount
And preſſe the poor, whoſe cries ſoon pierce his eares.

13 But thou, deare God, look neerer to my cauſe,
Whom armed force purſues with deadly ſpight,
And take me from the fell and direfull iawes
Of Death, whoſe hue is black as pitchy night.

14 That all so high as Sion lifts her head,
And sets her towers so far, so wide to view,
I may thy name with vowes and praises spread,
And daily thankes for hourely helpe renew.

15 Perfidious wights in waues of selfe-bred wrong
Tost, and turmoild, haue worthily been drown'd,
And in the nets, which they were knitting long
For others laide, themselues were helpelesse bound.

16 Who but admires Heau'ns equall ballanc'd right?
Who weau'd the web of fraud himselfe was caught,
A thing so oft perform'd in all mens sight
Should be enrould and kept in inward thought.

17 But so it is. Time not fore-seene arrests
The godlesse men, who haue not Heau'n in mind,
Then sodaine death wounds their rebellious breasts,
And hides them in his pit where no sun shin'd.

18 But modest minds which breathe but aire diuine,
Hopelesse of helpe, but what from Heauen descends,
God in his heart doth them a place assigne,
Where causelesse griefe at last findes large amends.

19 Vp, vp, Creator of all things, arise,
And let not man, not many spans in length
Mount to a monster of deformed size
To crush the poor. Curb thou mens lawlesse strength.

20 Thou with the boundlesse weight of endlesse might,
Strike terror deep into their fiercer mindes,
That they may know his feeble state aright,
Whose weaker parts no lasting cement bindes.

PSAL. X.

HOw long wilt thou, Conſeruer of mankind,
Neglect thy ſeruants in their ſad diſtreſſe?
2 How long wilt thou remain in Heauen confin'd,
Whilſt Lord-like here lewd men the iuſt oppreſſe?
Let ill befall the ill-conceiuing head,
And periſh it with all the arts it bred.

3 Whilſt he with wrongs doth cram his luſtful heart,
The proud man boaſts, and inwardly is glad,
As he had wonne by right, and vs'd no art,
And ſtill ſhould hold the glory that he had.
4 Thus his vnbridled arrogance neglects
Of right, and wrong the contrary reſpects.

Whilſt ſweetly he applauds his in-bred wit,
And thinks in Heauen there is no God, nor feares,
5 But proudly champing on his pleaſant bit,
His happineſſe his haughty hearts vpreares,
Nor dreams that thou to iudgment wilt proceede,
And vindicate the guilt of his miſ-deed.

He ſleights his foes, nor cares for them a ſtraw,
6 And reck'ning with himſelfe without his Hoſt,
My life, ſaith he, at longeſt length I'le draw,
And ſteere my courſe with no rough billowes toſt.
No care ſhall come to interrupt my ſtate,
Nor fits of paine my pleaſure ſhall abate.

7 Out of his mouth doe curſed ſlaunders flow,
Diſgorging taunts, and craſty wiles withall,
Whilſt to good men do griefes and trauailes grow,
By his enuenom'd tongue, and bitter gall.

8 His ambushes to catch the iust he laies,
And poorer men with sterner looks affraies.

9 As a bloud-thirsty Lion in his den
Lies couching close, and hides his fearfull head,
So lurking he assaules the weaker men,
His panting heart with fainting fury led,
And with his many knotted nets fast tide,
He drawes them in as captiues to his pride.

10 He tames them with his force, won with his wiles,
And as in clouds doth he conceale his spight;
How many troupes of trauailers with guiles
Hath he surpris'd, and them depriu'd of light?
Who passing by, when they do think no harm,
Are caught vnwares, & crush'd with his proud arm.

11 He argues thus with reasons wanting weight,
That God his wrongs doth neither see, nor know.
Doth He, enthrond in clouds of supreme height
Behold the right, and wrong done here below?
Can man conceiue so high maiestick power
With smiles, or frowns on earth to laugh, or lowre?

12 Vp, Lord, and lift thy sacred hand on high,
And with thy powerfull sword pierce thou his side,
Nor let thou him in dark oblivion lie
Whose pious heart doth in thy feare abide.
Extend thy grace, and deale thy iustice so,
As meek men may haue blisse, and proud men wo.

13. Ah shall the more then madnesse of lewd men
Contemne thee thus, and set thy will at naught,
And dare to mutter in their secret den
That God for humane things doth take no thought?

Thus when their mouths are clos'd, and dare not
Their hollow hearts are ful of thinks, & leak. (speak,

14 Thou seest without, within, thou vew'st all things,
And vnder thy sharp hand shall lewd men fall,
That by affliction, which true insight brings,
This lesson they may learne, that ruling all, (lest,
Thou sleight'st not poor mens griefe, nor toils neg-
But left to thee the Orphanes thou protect'st.

15 Break thou the force of the vngodly wight,
And coole the fury of his graceless mind,
Till he, and all the branches of his might,
Be broken downe, nor root be left behind,
That he, nor they may in the limits stand,
And compasse of the Ocean-bounded land.

16 Thus thou, the Lord of time, till time haue end
Shalt rule, and raigne sole Monarch ouer all,
And from the land to which thy bounds extend,
Shalt chase the Nations that do lewdly fall
To impious rites, and set thy law aside,
That banish'd they may vanish with their pride.
(affaires,

17 These vowes the men o're-whelm'd with crosse
These praiers they poure forth with reu'rence due,
And spurgald with the pricks of deep despaires
With brinish teares to thee these humbly sue,
(For whom haue they in Heauen & Earth but thee
That with a power supreme canst set them free?)

18 To loose the poore (whom beasts do pitty more)
From the dire bands of mens all-daring might,
That man, who doth his arme of flesh adore,
May strike his sailes, and leaue his fury quite,

When he beholds, and conscious is within
Of his fraile flute, the web of his foule sin.

PSALM XI.

WHen I haue hope safe harbor to attain, (relie,
And for my succor on Heauens great Lord
Like frighted fowle, which would the couert gaine,
You bid mee to the rockes for safety flie.

2 Behold, you see, the impious man doth bend
His threatning bow, and makes his shafts to wound
The harmeleſſe soule, and closely doth attend
To murder those whose feareleſſe hearts are sound.

3 But thou, great King, with thy all-conqu'ring hand
The rebells tam'st, and dost diuert their will,
Who, mad with rage, vexe those who humbly stand
At thy deuotion, and deserue no ill.

4 God who in Heau'ns eternall temples dwels,
And doth in his star-spangled throne appeare,
With his transſ-piercing eies, whose sight excells,
Viewes all the acts are represented here.

5 From his all-seeing eie nor wrong, nor right
Can hidden be, but those who beate their braines
To compaſſe mischiefe, He who rules with might,
And right combind, hates all their cunning traines.

6 He showreth downe on their detested heads
His wide spread nets, and thundring tempests casts
With sulpher mixt (which the proud'st scorner dreads)
To scorch them here, whose burning euer lasts.

7 But

7 But he that ſofters right, himſelfe moſt right,
With ſacred loue doth vpright men embrace,
And ſets before his euerlaſting ſighs
The rightfull conſcience, where no guile hath place.

PSALM XII.

HElpe, Sauiour, helpe and be not thou auerſe,
Since virgin Faith fall'n now in mens diſgrace,
2 Expuls'd is gone, and Truth flees all commerce,
And naked ſhuns the Earths diſguiſed race.

Now euery man doth entertaine his friend
With words, the ſcum, and fume of idle brains,
And cloakes the wrongs which falſer hearts entend,
With lies which ſmooth diſſimulation fains.

3 Deceitfull mouthes whence fugred poiſon flowes,
Let God confound, and plucke out root, and all,
The tongue that doth the hearts baſe births diſcloſe,
And ſpeakes great things although it ſelfe be ſmall.

4 And periſh they with braſen browes, who ſay,
What ſhould we feare, come let vs ſweare, and lye,
That periury, by cuſtome bearing ſway,
Our tongues may venture on all villany.

No Lord, I think, hath any thing to ſhew
My free borne tongue in vaſſalage to hold,
Nor lock my lips, nor bar my language ſo,
As not to range at pleaſure vncontrold.

5 But God that heares the plaints of poor diſtreſs'd,
And burthen-bearing ſoules that ſigh for griefe,
Ariſe will I, ſaith He, and them oppreſs'd,
Securely place in harbour of reliefe.

6 This saith the Lord, and what from him proceed
His saith is fi'xt like gold, which seuen-times tri'de
By purging fire, no more refining needs,
When smoke, and ashes do the drosse diuide.

7 Then mindfull of thy promise, Lord, restraine
The cure-lesse poison of a cursed tongue,
And thou, the worlds best Sentinell, containe
The viperous race that we may not be stongue.

8 For lewd men now giue law, and measure right
By their owne foot, and dominering will,
And gouern'd by their disproportion'd might
The best men feare the doomes of men most ill.

PSAL. XIII.

HOw long wilt thou, who guid'st our cõmon helm,
Neglect my cause as one forsaken quite?
Wilt thou leaue me whom swelling surges whelm
Wrapt in obliuions euerlasting night?

How long wilt thou in fierce displeasure hide
Thy louely face, and gracefull eye from me?
How long shall vexing cares which draw aside
My mind from rest, my soules companions be?

2 How long shall my grieu'd heart with rougher waues
In seas of deep afflictions thus be tost?
How long shall my proud foes, (who are sins slaues)
Thus triumph ouer me as all were lost?

3 Great Regent of the world behold and see,
Assist me, and infuse thy sacred light,
Lest Death with his long sleepe do ceaze on me,
And close mine eies, and bid the Sun good night.

4 Lest

Let not thy foe brag in his haughty pride,
That he hath truthe me with his brawny armes,
And who hate truth, and cannot me abide,
Haue they no cause to triumph at my harmes.

5 Thou do'ſt with hope refreſh my drooping heart,
Whoſe help extends it ſelfe to all my vaines:
When I am ſafe (becauſe thou took'ſt my part)
Thy name, great King, I'le ſing with lofty ſtraines.

PSALM XIIII.

PRoud Pollicy, now making Vice his minion,
Inly conceiu'd thus mutters his opinion,
And ſaith that feare which keeps the mind in aw,
Bred of the froth of melancholy braines
Hath made a God, and giuen him the raines
Whilſt whirling Chance giues all the world the law.

Then did Iniquity that feares no rod
Wallow in ſins as if there were no God,
And no man had a will to follow right
2 But Heauens great Lord caſt down his eie to view
Who would, whilſt fooles their vainer cares purſue,
Adore his name of maieſty and might.

3 There all conſpir'd in miſchiefs of all kinds,
Their foule, flagitious, lothſome ſins he finds,
Nor was their care in any to do good,
4 For how ſhould they do good, or how giue eare
To ſound aduice, who ſtill about them beare
The plague-ſores of foule ſin, and ſtaines of blood.

When as a beaſt his prey, ſo they deuoure
My people, if they come within their power,

Not

Nor serue they God, who sourraign rules all things
5 But with chill feare shall horror strike their hearts
When the iust God takes guiltlesse iust-mens parts,
And wounds the impious with sharp words like (stings

6 And saies, O you made Piety a iest,
You laugh'd when cares the pious minds oppress,
And scoff'd at their vowes, hopes, and silent fears,
But God, in whom the poor their trust repose,
Their hopes, & vowes which their sad brests inclose,
Vnto their wished ends he fairly steers.

7 O then that God to his would succour send,
Which longing they from Sion hill attend,
For when he breaks their bonds, and them acquits,
Then *Abra'ms* race, shall with a cheerfull brest
Ioy, and enioy their long desired rest,
And *Is'acs* race shall triumph as befits.

PSAL. XV.

WHo sacred Sions temple by thy will,
Heavens supreme Lord, inhabit shall with Thee?
And whom wilt thou place on thy holy hill,
To liue in sweet repose from dangers free?

2 He that delights to haue an honest heart,
And stiffe in what he vndertakes does right,
Nor faire in shew, with counterfeiting art
Hath taught his tongue how to conceale his spight.

3 Nor with his lips doth deadly draughts contriue,
Nor mischiefe to his neighbour doth deuise,
Nor doth his friend, who seems endear'd depriue
Of his good name with his opprobrious lies.

4 Who

4 Who casts no eye of fauour on the proud,
But takes into the closset of his heart
The Heauen-grac'd man. Who minding what he
Not for a world will from his word depart. (vow'd,

5 Who lends not mony, nor takes biting vse
To make the poore a prey caught in his nets,
Who for reward will offer no abuse
To harmlesse men. Who thus his compasse sets
To leade his life, thus makes his last account,
Shall euer rest within the holy Mount.

PSAL. XVI.

O Thou Creator of all things below,
And mens safe harbour in their dire distresse,
Thy seruant saue, who doth no Sauiour know,
But thee alone when instant perill's presse.

2 Thy seruant I, do thee my Lord auow,
And tell abroad what a great Lord thou art,
But whom all blesse, and to whom all things bow,
What good to thee can all I do impart?

3 Therefore there my vtmost powers appli'de
To tend the people with a zealous care,
The people which of all the world beside
Thou took'st to thee for thy peculiar share.

4 But they, rebell'd vnmindfull of thy grace,
And to themselues apart new gods did faine,
Which they ador'd, and prostrate on their face
Idol'd the dreames of their owne idle braine.

Their altars stain'd with bloud will I not reach,
Nor in their feasts doth my soule take delight,
Nor shall their names (profanely vs'd too much,)
Be witnesse of my words, or faith I plight.

5 But Gods right hand of lasting loue shall shield
The people which his grace to me assign'd,
And such reward me shall his bounty yeeld
As for my paines euen Hope dispair'd to find.

6 How beauteous are the bounds which I possesse
In what a field doth Heauen my lot dispose?
Seated where pleasure doth her self addresse, (showes
And feeds my mind with flowers sweet-smiling

7 To God eternall be all endlesse praise,
Whose counsell doth direct me in the light,
And brings into my soule by priuy waies
His Heauen-spir'd motions in the darkest night.

8 What so my heart doth think, or hand doth act
I see the Lord assisting still at hand,
Guarded before, on either side, and backt
By him, and him alone, I steaddy stand.

9 My trembling heart so quauers in my brest
The noates of ioy, as that my tongue delights
To sing thy praise, and so before suppresst
A lightsome hope my lumpish limbs excites.

10 For neither wilt thou leaue my soule to hide
In hellish vaults, where neuer comes thy light,
Nor let it like a carcasse putrifide
Resolu'd to ashes be consumed quite.

11 Thou

11 Thou to the way of life vnlock'ſt the gate,
And from thy face high tides of ioy do ſpring,
From thy right hand where bounty keeps her ſtate,
Thy bleſſings flow which all delights do bring.

PSAL. XVII.

WHo rul'ſt the world, and all things do'ſt direct,
Heare righteous Lord what righteouſly I craue,
Nor ſtop thine eares, nor do my plaints reiect
Which come not from ſuch lips as Liers haue.

2 Poore I diſtreſt vnto thy throne do flie,
Take thou my cauſe in hand, on thee I call,
Proſtrate before thy face, with gracefull eie
See iuſt men here vniuſtly dealt withall.

3 Thou often view'ſt through clouds of ſilent night
With curious ſearch the ſecrets of my mind,
And how my heart put in a feariſh fright,
And ſhaking fit no reſt at all could find.

4 As fire doth gold, ſo thou my heart do'ſt trie
With croſſe euents, nor didſt thou find the ſame
Conſcious of fraud, or lawleſſe villany
To wrong euen ſuch as branded were with ſhame.

4 My mouth, and mind agreed, my ſoule, and ſenſe,
My heart vpheld by thy decrees diuine
Abhors foule ſin, that gines ſo foule offence,
And flies from pride, which doth with wrong com-bine.

5 Thus guide my ſteps led by thy lawes aduice
Leſt that my foot ſlip in a doubtfull way,
Or in ſuch paths as ſeeme all pau'd with ice
My footing ſlide, where it can find no ſtay.

6 I call to thee, and fly vnto thy grace
Which I haue often tri'de in dire distresse,
Attentiue lend thine eare in my sad case,
When I by praier my plaints to thee addresse.

7 With grace, good Lord, support, and bear vp those
Whose hope and helpe on thee alone doth stand,
And curbe the lofty spirits of my foes,
And iustly mou'd vse thy reuengefull hand.

8 But guard me like the apple of thine eye,
More deare, and tender than all parts beside,
And thou that do'st foresee all dangers nye,
Vnder thy wings me from proud fury hide.

9 The troope of impious men stand ready prest
10 All assaies to take away my breath,
And me with force beleguer, and infest
With swelling words, and dart their threats of death.

11 They make their barres, and turn-pikes in the way,
And view the places that may most offend,
Which they designe to make my life their pray,
And seeming not to minde it, worke mine end,

12 Like as a lion hunting beasts, or men,
Rhus furious on, or like vnto his sire,
The wean'd whelp lurks, and glowting in the den
Long looks with blood to cool his raging fire.

13 Vp, Father, vp, their lewd attempts preuent,
And whilst the Tyrant trampled lies on ground,
Free thou me from thy sword (to mercy bent)
Wherewith he now enrag'd doth strike, and wounds

14 Nor let the pride of great men cram'd with gold
With might oppresse me, whose delightfull care
Is but to wallow (as themselues are mold)
In earthly pleasures, so bewitcht they are.

Thou pour'st on them thy blessings from thy store
Digg'd from the bowells of the earth below,
And pamp'rest them with corne, and, which is more,
Thou glad'st their hearts their off-spring prospers so.

15 Then shall the candor of my life make way,
That I loos'd from the bodies gyue, and free
Shall see thy face, and that bright shining day
Shall make me blest, all-blest in high'st degree.

16 Those beames of light, which brings all sound de-
Heap'd with all ioies, shall represent thy cleare, (light,
And sacred Maiesty vnto my sight,
When as no cloud shall in my mind appeare.

PSAL. XVIII.

All-fostring Sire, I'le thee adore,
And will thee loue with all my heart,
2 Who shap'dst the world a lump before,
My strength, my might, my tower thou art,

Help, hope, and ioy to me distrest,
My shield, my sword, my steaddy stay,
An anchor fixt whereon I rest,
And when stormes come my calmest bay.

3 For when my tongue I do vntye,
Which craving peace thy praises sings,
All hostile armes are then laid by,
And Peace brings safety on her wings.

4 Now Death enuolu'd me in his net,
With Hell-black ſtreames encompaſt round,
5 Infernall ſnares my feet beſet,
And drawne was I with fetters bound.

6 Here taken, and entangled ſo,
Groueling on ground to God I ſu'd,
Aloft to Heau'n my cries did goe
When doubtfull chance my fears renew'd.

Seated on his flame-circled throne
He heard my praiers, when as my cry
Did pierce the skies, and to my moane
He bent his eare, and laid it nigh.

7 The Earth affrighted at his ſight
Shook then, and hills their cloſures brake,
And all their ioints diſſolued quite
In their low vaults a bellowing make.

8 A ſmoaking heate, like breath neer ſpent,
Fum'd from his noſtrils flames that tuft'd
As doth a whirpoole from him went,
And what they toucht ſcapt not vnburn'd.

9 Heau'n at his beck bow'd humbly low,
To ſet his Lord on th' earthes round ball,
And foggy clouds that ſullen ſhow
Vnder his feet do proſtrate fall.

10 He in his chariot mounted hie,
In flames an Angell holds the raine,
Whoſe wings of winde do ſwifter fly
Than oares can cut the liquid maine,

11 Inuol-

11 Inuolud in mists of sable hue,
He hides from Earth his brighter face,
In hollow clouds that stormes renue,
The pitchy waues obscure his grace.

12 Fire-flinging darts from his sharp eies
Cleere lowring clouds with cheering beames,
A ratling showre of haile-stones flies,
And flitting flames cast winding streames.

13 But when his voice sad silence brake
His thunder roares, and rends the skie,
The Earth with stormy haile did make
An hideous noise: Out lightnings flie.

14 His firy shafts flew far, and wide
15 In th' aires vast vaults, lights took no rest;
He strikes, and th' Earths wide chaps diuide,
And shew the springs hid in her brest,

And opens all the fountaine-heads,
Trembling for feare she showes how low
The strength of her foundation spreads,
And brings the darkest deepe to show.

So thundring flies his roaring sound,
So heauy falls his frightfull ire;
16 His hand that doth with grace abound
He stretcht from Heau'n at my desire.

And took me vp when almost drown'd,
Swift waues had ouer-whelmed me,
17 And from my foes, for force renown'd,
With greater force He set me free,

18 And with their power He mock'd their ſpight,
When in their harmefull madding mood
They ſought by craft, as dark as night,
To ruine me who ſtaggring ſtood.

19 He gaue me aide, enlarg'd my way
When ſtraights before did me encloſe,
And when Death had me at a bay
He ſau'd his friend whom He had choſe.

20 My heart, and hand from falſhood free
His eies did pierce, and found them ſo,
And rais'd me high from low degree
That Honour might true vertue ſhow.

21 For vice nor errour prone to ill
Did make my ſteps to goe aſtray,
22 His Law that doth preſcribe his will
Was in my ſight ſtill night, and day.

Whoſe preſence kept my ſoule in awe
Thundring her precepts in my heart;
23 In truth that hath nor crack, nor flaw,
I took delight, ſhe took my part

As witneſſe, when that inly free
From fraud, and guile I ſhunn'd the arts,
The curſed arts that ſinke-hoals be
Whence flowes ſoule ſin that ſoiles all parts.

24 His bleſſings therefore did He giue,
His bounties ſhew'd how He regards
The guildeſſe life which I did liue,
And which th' all-ſeeing Iudge rewards.

25 As Men, and as their manners be,
So do they find thee harsh, or kind;
Nor harme to th' harmlesse comes from Thee,
Whom still a friend, thy friends shall find:

26 To good men good, but who would gaine
Ought at thy hand by sleight of wit,
Thy wider reach proues his but vaine,
And him not wise that trusts to it:

27 In hard distresse thou keep'st the rent,
And worne estate of thine growne low,
And mak'st to fall the lofty bent
Of the proud eie of my fell foe.

28 And taken from the throng of those
That baser be, Thou do'st me place
Aboue the rest in solemne shewes,
And clear'st my night with thy bright face:

29 And vnder thy command the troops
Break, and passe their glittring armes,
The towring'st mount to me it stoopes,
I scale their walls, and scape their hammes.

30 As true as God is only good,
He shewes to life the shortest way,
And cleerest from expence of blood
To those that with his colours stay.

From his eternall mouth what flowes
Is far more pure than refin'd gold,
And with his shield He guards all those
Whose hearts in him confirm'd are bold.

He bids them not to be diſmai'd
When things ſucceed not to their minds,
Since nought on Earth can make affrai'd
That heart in Heauen that refuge finds.

31 Say you who painted ſtocks adore
The mock-minds of the vulgar rout,
Who ſtones and iu'ry do implore
In ſundry ſhapes with art cut out.

What other God doth rule the ſaines?
Who elſe doth guide the Earths round ball,
And ſits in Heau'n that all containes?
Whoſe hand but his rules all in all?

32 This God gives ſtrength to all my parts,
And liuely force, and ſhewes to me
33 The ſpotleſſe way. By Him with Harts
In ſwiftneſſe I contend, and He

Conuai'd me farfrom dangers neare,
And plac'd me high on ſafties hill,
34 And taught my hand deuoid of feare
To manage armes with vſefull skill:

And beſides that, He made me bend
A maſſie bow made all of braſſe,
And it to peeces break, and rend;
So ſtrong was I, ſo weake it was.

35 He guardes me round on eu'ry ſide
With the defence of his ſafe ſhield,
His grace makes his right-hand my guide
Trebling my ſtrength when I would yeeld.

36 He opens me a wide retreit,
In paſſages where men do lay
Cloſe ambuſhes, traps of deceit:
Nor lets my feet wilde wandring ſtay,

Or take offence in vnknowne waies
37 And I by thine auſpicious hand
Purſue my foes, breake their arraies,
And take them when as they disband.

Nor do I back returne before
Their daring minds are brought ſo low,
As, though at firſt they threatned ſore,
Their courage cool'd it was not ſo.

38 And at my feet down let them fall
That they may neuer riſe againe,
Nor with their armes, or engines all
Repaire the loſſe that they ſuſtaine.

39 Thou through my members mak'ſt to flow
A liuely vigour, and haſt ſteel'd
My nerues with ſtrength, and do'ſt me ſhow
The art to march in Mars his field.

And me who dares come to deſie
40 Thou lai'ſt him groueling on the ground,
And mak'ſt my foes for feare to flye,
And none to heare their yelling ſound.

41 And ſo, of Thee if they crane aide,
Thou turn'ſt thine eare from their requeſt,
42 And as the Noth-winde hardly laide
Driues to, and fro, and giues no reſt,

Vnto a cloud of dust, so I
My foes distrankt force to retire;
And trample on them as they lie,
As in foule waies men stampe the mire.

43 Me from the vulgar rout thou takst
Free from their base and surly aw;
And as for my proud foes thou mak'st
Me put a snaffle in their iaw.

To creep and crouch, my grace to seek
44 Thou mak'st the Nations come from far,
Fame strikes a paleneſſe in the cheek,
And daunted at my name they ar.

45 With words compos'd to gaine them grace
Their oylye tongues do smoothly flow,
Nor thinke themselues safe in a place
Whose strength is such as feares no foe.

46 Be to the Lord, rule, honour, praise,
Who shields me circled with his might,
Whose hand of help to health doth raise
My weakned lims from Deaths neere spight.

47 Who with reuenging armes in hand
Makes me confound what's lewd, and ill,
And makes that (whilst none dare withstand)
The people yeeld all to my will.

And on his word He bid me cast
All feare aside of blustring warre,
And when the bounds of awe be past,
And rage doth raise a ciuill iarre,

48 He guardes me from the rebell rout:
As in a morter pounded ſmall
He beats the plots they fetch about,
The filthy froth of their foule gall.

46 Then to the neighb'ring cities I
Will wide thy noble acts extend,
And, ſacred Sire, thy praiſe ſhall flye
Sung by my Muſe to the worlds end.

50 Who bidd'ſt the King reſt ſafe, and ſound,
Nor be diſmaid with croſſe ſucceſſe,
And mak'ſt him with worlds wealth abound,
And with much kindneſſe do'ſt profeſſe,
That him, and his till time haue end,
Cloſs'd in thin armes thou wilt defend.

PSAL. XIX.

YOu ſenſleſſe race, ſelfe-ſeeming wiſe,
Though impious errour darke your ſights,
Yet ſee with eye, and mind the skies
Beſpangled with a world of lights.

Hence learne his art whoſe hand adornes,
And in a vault of fiery flames
His temples plac'd, whoſe bending hornes
Compaſſe the ſeas, and lands wide frames.

2 Where enterchange of night, and day
By conſtant courſe doth teach below,
That mortall things which ſoone decay,
Not here by chance, but counſell goe.

Where

Where eu'ry part plac'd in due frame
Sounds Gods all-guarding powerfull hand,
3 And whisper not, but cry the same
That all that heares may vnderstand.

4 For in the worlds remotest parts
No sauage Nation dwells so far,
Whose eies see not, and makes their hearts
Confesse the Heau'ns right guided ar.

Who when at night no clouds be neare
Doth not bright-shining stars admire?
5 Or when he sees the Sun appeare
Mounting his chariot red as fire?

When rowsed from his Easterne bed
His orient looks show bride-groome like,
Glittring in gold, and on his head
A crowne whose sparkes amazement strike.

Or when he gallops in his race,
And cuts the time in equall shares,
In lims, and strength, and fiercer pace
Most Giant-like He furious fares.

6 Who from the East to 'h Western gole
Doth passing by the oblique signes,
With heate giue all a quickning soule,
And keepes in state that none declines.

7 But the due course, and comely grace
Of other things draw not our sight,
As doth his law, where it takes place,
Guide by close rainee mens mindes aright.

Whose promises, which constant stand,
By light of truth confirme the mind,
8 And by whose sweet sin-wounding hand,
More gaine than paine, or losse we find.

And of his lawes the sacred lights
Vnvaile the minds, and bodies eies,
9 And faith profest with holy rites,
Drawes awefull feare that neuer dies.

10 And right, and conscious truth in brasse
Do keep thy statutes all enrol'd,
Which hony do in sweetnesse passe,
And better are, than gems, or gold.

11 Engrauen in his inmost parts
Thy seruant keepes them night and day,
And knowes that they, whose faithfull hearts
Preserue them, shall haue full, full-pay.

12 His wandring waies who calls to mind?
What force of wit can finde them out?
Then purge the soiles which sin by kind
A winding Serpent, shedds about.

13 Let not the force of surly pride
Hold now the raines, and rule my heart:
So shalt thou soone loose me fast ti'd,
With worst of ills bound ev'ry part.

14 The words which from my tongue do flow,
What inlye doth my mind record
Benignely heare, O Thee I know
My strength, my Saviour, God, and Lord.

THough that the mad, and bloudy sauage rout
With sword, and flame rage spoiling far, and wide,
Yeeld not, but goe more daring on, and stout, (guide,
Heel heare thy praiers, who the round globe doth

And as He good, and milde heard in distresse
Iacob when He with hands to Heau'n cri'de lowd,
2 So will he thee, and his wide power expresse,
And free thee from thy foes though ne're so proud.

With secret force He will giue thee full strength
From out the sacred temple where he dwels,
Thy drooping heart He will confirme at length
From Sion hill where his high power excells.

3 He thy desires will blesse, and keep in mind
The free oblations of thy purer hand,
Thy offrings shall with him faire passage find,
Nor shall thy slaughtred beasts a minute stand,

Before the greedy flames on them haue fed,
And rais'd their bloudy colours in the skies.
4 He'l crowne thy hopes, and all shall soone be sped,
As thou thy selfe could'st wish, or best deuise.

5 The Lord to vs return'd will we applaud,
And serue our owne God with his own due rites,
Each place shall thanks, and to Gods name giue laud,
Assign'd for sacred vse, gaine, or delights.

What so with hallow'd lips we humbly craue,
He of his grace will giue his free consent,
All shall a good, and happy issue haue,
Nor shall iust praiers fall short of their intent.

6 I know, nor doth my Calender deceiue,
The Lord his King in ſafety backe will guide,
Nor ſhall his hand, his pow'rfull hand, thee leaue,
When He Heauens ſacred temple opens wide.

7 Let Syria brag, and troop her Chariot bands
Arm'd with ſharp ſiths vpon the axeltree,
And on her courſer which on no ground ſtands,
Stamps, and coruets, let Perſias boldneſſe be.

Truſt He in wheels, He in his hooſes, but we
Will call on God, who ſhoots his flames, and thunder,
8 Nor horſe, nor chariot ſhall their ſafeguard be,
But Vulturs clawes ſhall rend their lims aſunder.

Thy grace ſhall raiſe vs when we lie full low,
And ſet vs on our feet againe vpright:
9 Help, Sou'raigne, help, for if Thou fauour ſhow,
Nor ſeek we aide, nor feare we any ſpight.

He will reſpect, and at all times of need,
(A King moſt gracious to his ſubiects deare)
He to their humble ſuites will giue good heed,
And ſoone his grant ſhall make his grace appeare.

FINIS.

NOw that the King in triumph rides
Free from sad cares of vexing foes,
To thee, Heau'ns King, and none beside,
The honour of the day He owes.

Thou gau'st him courage to withstand
The toiles, and hazards of the field,
And brought'st him back led by thy hand,
Whom in his flight thy Grace did shield.

2 Nor thou deni'dst what humbly He
Implor'd, nor didst his plaints reiect,
Nor what in heart he wish'd should be,
Return'd in vaine by thy neglect.

3 More then he wish'd for, and before,
Thou powr'dst on him all blessings downe,
And on his head, to grace him more,
Neuer wore King a richer crowne.

4 He ask'd thee life, and thou didst giue
For death a life that neuer dies;
5 In high renowne thou mak'st him liue,
And shine to dazle Enuies eies.

6 Him did thy Grace a patterne make
Of happinesse to th'after-breed,
That mothers thence might measure take,
When as they blesse their hopefull feed.

7 Thou art the Anchor of his trust,
And safest hauen in roughest seas,

Fixt on thy helpe he feares no guſt,
And free from harmes he liues at eaſe.

8 Thou wilt his foes both apprehend,
And as a Iudge inflict their paines.
9 As flames pent cloſe do more extend,
When burſting forth they get the raines,

And burne the aged armes of trees;
So ſhall the blaſts of thy iuſt ire
Conſume thy foes, who thy decrees
Contemne, to worke their lewd deſire.

10 Thou wilt cut downe both root and boughes,
The wicked race, and graceleſſe brood,
11 Who thee, whilſt they conceiu'd vaine vowes,
With bootleſſe force, and fraud withſtood.

12 Whilſt thou purſu'ſt them in their flight,
Their backs the markes of ſhame ſhall beare,
And on their face thy darts ſhall light,
When from pale death they run for feare.

13 O Thou whoſe right-hand holds the reines,
And rul'ſt eternall Iudge of all,
Vp, let thy foes with pride-fill'd veines
Confeſſe thy force, and feele thy gall.

Then the bleſt troope (worlds Sire) ſhall ſing
Of Thee in Hymnes on holidayes,
Who milde receiu'ſt the vowes they bring,
And lowr'ſt on lewd mens gifts, and layes.

PSAL. XXII.

1 O God, my God, why leau'ſt Thou me?
2 Why leau'ſt Thou me, that thus in vaine
My words I ſpend which booteleſſe be?
For if the Sunne ſhowes day-light plaine,
The day ſees how in vaine I cry,
And ſo the night, though darke her eye,

Yet hath ſhe eares to heare me grone,
And thoſe with mournfull plaints I fill;
3 But Thou art He who dwell'ſt alone
In Sion thy deuoted hill.
4 Of *Iſ'achs* race thou art the ſong,
Our Fathers hope haſt thou beene long.

5 Nor who in Thee their truſt did place
Went fruſtrate of their hopes from thee,
But crauing aide of their ſad caſe,
They did profeſſe thou lett'ſt them free:
For they who on thy word relye,
The taints, and taunts of foes defie.

6 But I a wormling am, no man,
A ſubiect for the baſeſt tongue,
They ſpeake of me the worſt they can,
And ſoile my honour with their dongue;
7 And in the ſtreet as I paſſe by,
But nods, and points naught elſe haue I.

They ſhake their heads, they mumpe, and mow,
And with baſe words with points moſt ſharpe,
At me their filthy gall they throw,
8 Behold, ſay they, (ah thus they carpe)

Gods darling here, who safe, and sure,
Thinkes by his helpe to stand secure.

Now let him saue him if he can,
And from neere danger draw him out,
Who thinkes himselfe the onely man,
And on his loue doth stand so stout.
9 But from the wombe thou took'st me, Lord,
When first thou didd'st me light afford.

10 On thee in hope I still reli'de,
Euen hanging at my mothers breft,
And seeing light, when first I cride,
My God thou wast, and so dost rest;
11 Now leaue me not in this my last,
When danger presseth on so fast.

Now is the last of all the game,
For feare of death friends slipp'd aside:
12 Bulls fierce, and fat, (whom none can tame)
Did compasse me with bellowing pride:
13 As Lyons, roaring for their prey,
When hope and hunger makes them way.

14 In streames of blood my body swimmes,
Yet bloodlesse I, and all the bands
Of my ioints loos'd, make vseless limmes,
With me like melting waxe it stands,
As that dissolues, set neere the Sunne,
So is my heart with feare vndone.

15 My iuiceless members all are dri'd,
As potters shards burnt in the fire,
My tongue to my dry iawes is tyde,

And to the graue ſtands no man nier:
16 Mad dogs about me barke for ſpite,
And with their fangs they pinch, and bite.

The worſt of men who 'gainſt me ranke,
My hands and feet with piercers bore,
17 And through my skinne, growne thinne, and lank,
They tell my bones not ſeene before,
And though their fury ſpent his ſpite,
Yet (their fierce mind fed with delight)

They make a ſport to glut their eyes,
18 And ſee me torturd thus: At laſt
They ſhar'd my garments as a prize,
And on the inmoſt lots they caſt:
19 But ſtay the end and me receiue,
Nor, Lord, in my laſt languor leaue.

Thou onely art my ſtrength, my might,
Then haſt thee, and my life ſuſtaine,
20 Support me when all leaue me quite,
And my foes bloody ſword reſtraine.
21 From foming Dogs their venom'd iawes
Saue me, and from the Lyons pawes.

22 The hornes of Vnicornes breake thou,
So, thy ſuppliant ſau'd from death,
To friends, and kinne I will anow
That by thy grace I draw my breath.
And where thy ſeruants troope, will I
Show forth thy Truth, Strength, Maieſty.

23 You that ſerue God with purer minde,
Extoll his name with ſober layes,

And *Iacobs* ſeed, that found him kind,
Sing his great power on holy-daies.
And you that ſpring from *Iſachs* race,
To faithfull men confeſſe his grace.

24 He leaues not him whom men forſake,
Nor from the poore turnes He his eye
With proud diſdaine. When I did make
My ſute to him, He paſt not by,
But me reſtor'd from fits of paine,
Vnto a pleaſing life againe.

25 Then to the worlds ends yet vnknowne
Thy praiſes loud will I reſound,
And tell of thee, and thee alone,
So far as waues the vaſt Earth bound.
But pay my vowes will onely where
Moſt men adore thy name with feare.

26 Where call'd vnto the ſacred feaſt,
The ſober troop that knowes no fraud
With Nectar fill'd ſhall eu'ry gueſt
The Lord of that great feaſt applaud:
And with his coſtly cates repleat
Acknowledge God who gaue them meat.

And of that God the praiſe ſhall ſing
Who enters with Maieſtick grace,
And doth a ſparke like vigour bring
Into their hearts where it takes place,
That feare of death fled far away,
There laſting life with ioy ſhould ſtay.

27 Then ſhall the Earth, mou'd at the ſight

So

So new, and ſtrange, from pole to pole
Be ſubiect to the God of might,
And of all kindreds eu'ry ſoule
Shall kiſſe his feet, and proſtrate fall,
To Him alone the Lord of all.

28 To whom of right by fixt decree
(Who euerlaſting King is knowne)
Belongs this maſſe of Kingdomes three,
Whoſe triple Crowne he weares alone,
To heauen and hell he giues the law,
And all betweene he holds in awe.

29 The Greatmen here that rule the reſt,
With him as bidden gueſts ſhall ſit,
And fil'd with ſweets, fed of the beſt,
Shall to his yoke their neckes ſubmit:
The which becauſe ſo well they fare,
To beare it the more willing are.

The poore who pin'd ſtands neere the graue,
Shall bend to him his weakned knee,
Whoſe wearied limmes no vigour haue,
Nor moiſture left more then hath he
Who lying at the point of death,
Is yeelding vp his fainting breath.

30 Him ſhall the offſprings that ſucceed
In the long tract of time adore,
And tell to all their after-breed,
His loue to me ſhew'd long before.
This ſeed to him ſhall homage yeeld,
And beare his colours in the field.

AT me mad dogs, ah what a coile you keepe?
And Enuy why (ere) ſt thou them on to baule?
But God keepes me, as Shepheards keepe their ſheepe,
Nor do I want, nor can I want at all.

2 And as a ſheepe I feed, which hath no ſpleene,
In paſtures where the ſhort ſweet graſſe doth grow,
And where the Spring beſtowres his louely greene,
My wearied limmes, that ſcarcely ſeru'd to goe,

Refreſh'd againe, I at full eaſe extend.
3 The riuer cleare that gliding paſſeth by,
Vnto my fainting force doth ſuccours ſend:
And in the Sunne when I doe parching lye,

As with a fanne of cooling breath alaies
My drooping ſpirits; And when my wandring minde
Following the traine of pleaſing Errour, ſtrayes,
Tendring his flocke, his way he makes me find.

4 And ſhould pale Death, whoſe hād brings yelling grief
Dart at my heart when Hell-blacke ſhades affright,
I'le folow, Lord, where thou doeſt leade in chiefe,
Thy Shepherds ſtaffe will guide me ſafe, and right.

5 My table thou doſt with full diſhes ſpred,
With ſweeteſt wine my crowned cup o'reflowes,
With ſenſe-refreſhing balme thou cheer'ſt my head,
Whilſt looking on griefe doth confound my foes.

6 Me ſhall thy hand of bounty neuer leaue,
Nor thy good grace which good men doth attend,

nd ſo till death doth me of life bereaue,
n thy houſe, my pleaſant daies will ſpend.

PSAL. XXIV.

THe Earth is all the Lords, and what beſide
It ſparing doth conceale, or bounteous giue,
And they are his that in wilde mountaines bide,
In fruitfull plaines, and ciuill cities liue.

2 Vpon the Sea the ſolid Earth he bound,
And firmly plac'd it, in ſo weake a ſeat,
With ioynts ſo ſtrong, and all the peeces ſound,
To bide all brunts, when ſwelling billowes beat.

3 Thus all belongs vnto the Lord by right,
But for himſelfe he hallowed hath a place;
And who is he can thither clime? what wight
Hath leaue to ſtand within that court of Grace?

4 Whoſe heart and hand is cleare, nor idle dreames
Poſſeſſe his mind, nor who by ſwearing thriue,
Whilſt his falſe oathes ſtripe true men of their meanes,
Heau'ns Lord to him will Earths beſt bleſſings giue.

And by his power ſupreme him will he take,
From force, and ſpite, and all they doe, or ſay.
6 This, this is Truth, and this alone will make
Him ſee Gods face: This leads to heau'n the way.

7 Vnlock'd, vnbarr'd, you Gates ſtand open wide,
Th'eternall Gates, that lead to th'endleſſe throne,
Make way, and all that hinders put aſide,
Though ſtrong as ſteele, and hard as marble ſtone.

For

For that great God, that he may paſſage find,
Whoſe glory caſts his ſplendour far and neere.
8 For what new gueſt is all this pompe aſſign'd?
What King is he whoſe glory ſhines ſo cleare?
It is the Lord whoſe glory ſhines ſo far
With wealth in peace, with victory in war.

9 Vnlock'd, vnbarr'd, you Gates ſtand open wide,
Th'eternall gates that lead to th'endleſſe throne,
Make way, and all that hinders lay aſide,
Though ſtrong as ſteele, or hard as marble ſtone,

For that great God, that he may paſſage finde,
Whoſe glory caſts his ſplendour far and neere.
10 For what new gueſt is all this pompe aſſign'd?
What King is he whoſe glory ſhines ſo cleare?
He is the great Commander of the field,
To whoſe ſtrong armes all Kings on Earth muſt yeeld.

PSAL. XXV.

LEt him in armes, another in his traine
Of courting followers truſt, and martiall bands,
But Thou who mad'ſt what Heau'n and Earth contain,
In Thee my hope, in Thee my ſafety ſtands.
2 Thou, heauenly Sire, whom I to ſerue haue choſe,
Let not my hopes be vaine to pleaſe my foes.

3 Some from ſhames confuſion ſhalt Thou free,
Nor ſhall the bluſhing hue their faces ſtaine,
Who fixe the ſtaffe of all their truſt in thee:
But who loue filth, and filthy will remaine,
With ſhame and griefe doe Thou their hopes abate,
Who haue no cauſe to vexe me but their hate.

4 Amon

4 Among so many by-paths trod below,
Among the brambles, and thicke bushes here,
Thy sacred way to me thy seruant show,
And let thy light in darkenesse now appeare:
5 And from the waues of Errour draw me out,
Which long, too long, haue compast me about.

Thence with the light of thy resplendent beames,
Bring me into the way of Truth, and Right,
From thy cleare spring since all my goodnesse streames,
My God, my stay, my Saviour, and delight;
Then whilst alone I doe on Thee depend,
Let not my hopes be frustrate of their end.

6. 7. Did my lifes rule by crooked vices swerue,
Or Errour did my slipp'ry foot betray,
Or did my Youth my vainer pleasures serue,
Yet Thou whose Grace doth thy fierce rage alay,
Pitie my case, and what thou maist deny
To my deserts, yeeld to thy Clemency.

8 Nor Thou the best of Good canst this refuse,
To giue good things to those who sue to thee,
And who desire the rightfull way to vse
Thou wilt not faile their rule of right to be,
For Thou who art Truth, Equity, and Right,
Dost not as men, good will with ill requite.

9 Thou milde thy selfe, Lord, lou'st a modest mind,
And teachest it how to discerne the iar
T'wixt good and ill, (which pride seeks not to find)
But whilst there is no concord where they are,
Thou by a short and safer way the while,
Art guide to those who haue no gall, nor guile.

10 Sinne thou abhorr'ſt, yet gracious, ſoone forgett'ſt
Thy promiſes thou doſt as franckly pay,
And ſparingly thy penalties thou ſett'ſt,
And whilſt we not neglect, but firmly ſtay
Vpon thy ſacred ſtabliſhments, O Lord,
Thy words and works eternally accord.

11 That after-ages may record thy grace,
That glory thence vnto thy name may ſpring,
And ſpread it ſelfe abroad in eu'ry place,
Paſſe by our faults, O Father moſt bening,
What paſſions, by blind Errour whirl'd about,
Haue printed in vs, let thy Grace blot out.

12 Thrice happy he who with a guiltleſſe mind
Serues thee, O Lord, what courſe ſoe're he takes,
He for his compaſſe ſhall thy mercy find,
Which in foule ſeas him faireſt paſſage makes,
Vntill it bring him to that bleſſed port
Where all things well to his beſt wiſhes ſort.

13 Where with a mind without preſumption bold,
He with the beſt of bleſſings ſhall be ſped,
Where pillars of faire iſſue ſhall vphold
His ancient houſe, and his old ſtock ſhall ſpread,
His branches wide, and ſap ſhall ſtill proceed
From the freſh root, to bleſſe the after-breed.

14 So will the Lord infuſe with ſacred light,
His myſteries into the pious mind,
And what the godleſſe men contemne, and ſpite,
And worldly wits could not by ſearching find,
He will reueale the knowledge of his will,
The rule of right, and the profoundeſt skill.

15 Thee

15 Thee therefore, heauens great King, I seek, & none
But thee alone: Mine eies turne not from thee.
Thou wilt my feet (when they are neere vpon
The snares which my slye foes shall lay for me)
Alone so free, and cleare from dangers set,
As craft shall neuer take them in her net.

16 O blessed Keeper of the Soules of men,
And bodies both, looke with a serene eye
Vpon me alwaies, but most clearly then
When all else failes whereon I might rely:
17 And free my mind from cares which sore oppress,
And in their change bring new griefes, but not less.

18 Repell the paines which more and more encrease,
And spare me, Lord, with trauailes spent, and worne,
Forget my sinnes, so shall my pangs surcease.
19 The wicked crue with might not to be borne
Pursue my soule: O with what spite enrag'd,
Torment they me, and cannot be asswag'd.

20 Free me from harmes, and, Lord, protect thine own,
From scorne of those who hate both thee, and thine,
21 Since all my wealth depends on thee alone,
And I haue nothing that I can call mine
To helpe my selfe, but onely trust on Thee,
Mine innocence accept, and set me free.
22 And let the Nation bound vnto thy law,
By thy right-hand be clear'd from seruile awe.

PSAL. XXVI.

VVIth open force the Tyrant me pursues,
And with close guile at me shoots bitter gall,

But

But Thou whose eye the hearts darke corners viewes,
To thee doe I appeale, great Sire of All.

My mind from fraud is cleare, my hand is cleane,
And free from lawlesse force, or lewd intent,
In God I fix my hope, who doth not meane
To leaue me still to fortunes furious bent.

2 Search thou my raines, and inwards of my heart,
And the deepe plots lye hidden in my mind,
With flames as doe the skilfull artists part
The drosse from gold, which they by fire refin'd;

3 And thou shalt see my mind how mindfull still
It is of thy munificence, and grace,
And how my life directed by thy will,
Holds an euen course, and keepes a sober pace.

4 Hence, hence auant the tongue with falshood fraught
Nor let it think to find a friend of me,
And who hath learn'd to paint his inward thought
In his slye brest, far from my house be he.

5 I hate the counsels of vngracious men,
And impious routs then poison more detest,
Whose hearts doe leape, as in a triumph, when
They doe foule facts, hatch'd in a filthy brest.

6 But with a mind not conscious of lewd sin,
And bath'd in purest fountaines, I will goe
Vnto thy altars, and there leading in
The daunce, my ioy will in Oblations show.

7 My Timbrell, Lute, and voices set thereto

Shall

ll all accord with ioint and sweet consent,
o tell the youths what wonders thou didd'st do,
nd that in places where they most frequent.

The house wherein men sing thy sacred name,
he Temple where thy Godhead men adore,
hese set my mind (long absent from the same,)
n fire to see thy glorious arke once more.

Ah let not this prophane vnhallow'd soile
mong the sauage beasts, that thirst for blood,
ouer these bones when they shall rest from toile.
he men so bad, how can the ground be good?

Their guilefull minds to mischiefe wholly bent,
unt after bribes with a deuouring hand,
But I will still pursue my first intent,
nd in the way of innocence will stand.

Lay thy milde eare close to my sad complaint,
nd free me from neere dangers that affright,
That in plaine paths I goe, and doe not faint,
ut keepe on still, and alwaies follow right,

This is thy gift, this is alone thy grace,
nd therefore I on high thy name will raise,
f thee who art my safeties onely base,
the assemblies I will sing thy praise.

PSAL. XXVII.

WHen in the dark God guides me wᵗʰ his light
As with a torch, and he my life protects,

What

What open force, or [illegible]
Or what can feare me that [illegible] perfect?

2 When th'impious rout, in ill that ioine so well,
Mustred their troops all against me alone,
Into the nets themselues they headlong fell,
Where they hop'd I should haue beene ouerthrowne.

3 If Camps entrench'd, if Armies dart their threats,
Securely I behold their compendious end,
And all their bloody broiles, and warlike feats,
I fearelesse view, with eye, and mind repos'd.

4 One thing I crau'd, and that I euer shall,
That free from cares which may my ioyes abate,
I still may dwell within thy sacred wall,
And that mine eies may see thy courts of state.

And seeing them I may admire the same,
That, whilst my vitall parts draw quiet breath,
I may sing praises vnto God; and laud his name,
And naught may end that sweet consent but death.

5 Then will he hide, and me safe-guarded lay
Vnder the shadow of his sauing tent,
Remou'd from all that might my mind dismay,
In walls as strong as rocks of hard ascent.

6 Nor will he leaue me now to be a prey
To th'iniurious force of the seditious rout,
So conqu'ring I to him my vowes will pay;
Who won the field should his name be left out?

7 Heare me who call, and prostrate at thy feet,

Broken,

Broken and bruis'd, as on a rack, with paine,
With ſweet conſent let grace and goodneſſe meet,
To raiſe and eaſe my tortur'd limmes againe.

8 My mind runnes panting after thee, mine eies
Fixt on thine eie, attend thee day by day:
9 Hide not thy light, that from thy loue doth riſe,
Nor leaue me in the dark to find my way.

Nor in thy rage confound thou me thine owne,
Protect the life thy ſeruant owes to thee:
O thou the hope of all his helpe alone,
From foes defend, and him from dangers free.

10 Who neere, and deere, euen he that gaue me breath,
And ſhe that bore me doe forſake me quite,
But God that leaues not his when neer'ſt to death,
Forſoke me not in my deſpairfull'ſt plight.

11 Teach me thy waies, by whoſe free grace I liue,
And guide my ſteps in the faire path of right,
That force, nor feare (wherewith my foes haue ſtriue
To draw me from thy way) may work their ſpite.

12 Nor leaue thou me obnoxious to the luſt
Of impious men, who me of crimes endite,
And witneſſe beare in things that are not iuſt,
Arm'd to the proofe with lies, the armes of ſpite.

13 Conquer'd at laſt with waight of preſſing ills,
My minde would faint, but hope of thy good grace,
This comfort to my drooping ſpirits inſtills,
That after anxious toiles ioy ſhall take place.

I liuing here with men that draw like aire,
The blessings of an happy life expect,
Then take not thou the foile of foule despaire,
The Lord will giue thee strength, and will protect
And stay thy fainting soule, as props vphold
A crased house. Then fearlesse stand and bold.

PSAL. XXVIII.

VVOrlds King then starry Orbes more high,
My lifes support, sur'st shield to saue,
Heare mildly my request, lest I
Be like a corpse brought neere the graue.

2 Milde Father, to my vowes giue eare,
When I with teares lift vp my hands
To heau'n, where wandring lights appeare,
The Temple where thy glory stands.

3 With lewd men be not I enrol'd,
Nor as their mate, Lord, doome thou me,
Whose tongues are made by'th Sirene mould,
And minds with poison tainted be.

4 Let their reward their lewdnesse show,
As bad their worke, euen be their hire,
And let them reape, as they did sow,
Paines equall to their lewd desire.

5 The wise fore-sight of thy decree
(Who do'st my head with honour crowne)
Keepes not their hands from falshood free,
Nor holds their spite-swolne stomackes downe.

And therefore ſhall not their long line
Of hopeleſſe offſpring wide extend,
Of ſtocke and houſe ſhall be no ſigne,
Their fathers pelfe ſhall ſoone haue end.

6 To thee all-ruling Lord be laud,
Who to my prayers faire paſſage yeelds,
7 Whoſe ſtrength armes me from force, and fraud,
Whoſe hopefull help my ſafety ſhields.

8 Hence ioy triumphing in my breſt,
My meaſur'd lines thy praiſes ſing,
Who guard'ſt thine owne with dangers preſt,
And from all ſnares preſeru'ſt thy King.

9 Thou Prince of men keepe ſafe and ſound
Thy people, and let *Hebers* race
In all Earths bleſſings ſtill abound,
Vntill the night doe leaue his place.

PSAL. XXIX.

THough rich in gold, though thou in wealth abound,
Thy front adorn'd with a victorious crowne,
Acknowledge God, nor be ingratefull found,
Vſe thy good hap, but know heauen ſent it downe.

2 Sing praiſe to him, and with ſubmiſſe requeſt
Make him thy friend, who made the worlds wide frame,
And with his becke who rules the skie addreſt
With glittering Starres, giue honour to his name.

3 Whoſe ſounding voice powres moiſtning ſhowres below,
Who horrid tumults raiſing in the skye,

With roring thunders makes fierce Boreas blow,
And mount the swelling waues, when Seas grow high:

4 A voice, I say, with Maiesty repleate,
Whose power makes good, what first his will design'd,
5 Whether he pleas'd of Cedars tall and great,
T'uncloth the hills, or rend high Elmes with wind.

6 Or burst our stones, conioyn'd to stones with lime,
Or tosse the hills, and their first footing change,
As youthfull rage ioy'd with the springing time,
Doth pricke the lusty Bull to leape and range.

7 If his voice strikes fire flashes from the cloud,
8 The desert Cabines of th' Arabians shake:
9 Beasts quake for feare, abortiues disauow'd,
Burst forth with paine. Okes fell when he but spake.

What Heauen containes in his gold-vaulted roome,
What Earth sustaines, ennamel'd with rare skill,
And what lies hid within the Seas deepe wombe,
They all confesse Gods vnresisted will.

10 The sinne-reuenging sea, mou'd at his sound,
O'rewhelm'd the Mountaines, when it rag'd and rau'd,
And thou (to whose decrees are all things bound)
Wast pleas'd to drowne the world, so sinfull made.

11 If thou giue strength, we neither feare our foes,
Or proud for wealth, or for their number daring:
If thou giue peace, from Plenties horne that flowes,
No blessing shall to *Iſraels* race be sparing.

PSAL

PSAL. XXX.

OF thee my Muſe, of thee my Harpe ſhall ſound,
Iudge of the world, whéce all good things do flow,
Freed from deaths iawes that ſought my ouerthrow,
My vowes now will I pay, by promiſe bound.

Releas'd by thee nor now inſults my foe,
To ſee mine eyes poure forth their floods of teares,
Nor takes delight to ſee me vext with feares
Of preſſing ills, thou cool'ſt his courage ſo.

2 I ſought thy helpe, when I vnſteddy ſtood,
And doubtfull of ſucceſſe, to thee did ſue,
By thee refreſh'd, alone by thee I drew
Th'aires louely light, that cheeres the vitall blood.

3 Nor doe I lye with fates long night oppreſt
In the low vaults, where windowes want, and lights;
4 But you deuoted to the ſacred rites,
And cleane oblations of a purer breſt,

Him let your heart with ſweet harmonious cheere,
(Who mindes your prayers) be mindfull to record,
Extoll with praile your Sire, and Sou'raigne Lord,
Since to your vowes he bends his liſtning eare.

5 The heate of his reuenging ire alayde,
Doth vaniſh as a fleeting buble falls,
And a ſweet life, which no ſad hap appalls,
By his right-hand is to good men repaid.

If late at night our mournfull faces be
Bath'd all with teares, yet when the golden Sunne

Sheds forth his beames, the glaſſe of griefe is run,
And ſmiling mirth our captiu'd minds ſets free.

6 When I had all that fits a bleſſed ſtate,
Thus ſaid I to my ſelfe, no guſt nor gall
Shall ſtay my courſe ſo fortunate in all,
Nor doubtfull chance giue ſweet content the mate.

7 Thou giuing me ſtrength, wealth, and high degree,
And like a mount rais'd with ſtrong walls of braſſe,
Strengthning my crowne, Credulity that was
My minds Enchantreſſe, fed vaine pride in me.

But leauing me vnto my fooliſh vaine,
Thou drawing backe thine hand, that light wing'd dame
Falſe Fortune fled, and left all out of frame,
My houſe diſord'red in the head and traine.

8 Then preſently, ſole Preſident of all,
Humbly my vowes I on thine altar ſtrew'd,
I crau'd thine ayd, and ſaid with teares bedew'd,
9 What good to thee can of my blood befall?

What vſe canſt thou make of my breathleſſe limmes?
Can the cold aſhes that in ſilence lye
In Deaths darke manſion thy great works deſcry
To th'after-age, and ſing thee ſacred hymnes?

10 Milde to my vowes thy facile eare apply,
That to thy grace doth eaſie paſſage make,
Nor from my teares turne thy grim lookes, but take
The plague-ſores from my limmes that fretting lye.

11 When I implore thou doſt thine eare addreſſe,

And

And laiſt it cloſe, and wip'ſt my teares away,
And in their place bring'ſt mirth, and to allay
My griefe comes ioy, which hand and heart expreſſe.

12 Of thee my layes ſhall ſing, my harpe ſhall ſound,
My voice on thee deuoted ſhall attend,
Nor ſhall my Muſe want matter to commend,
Since of her ſong thy praiſe ſhall be the ground.

PSAL. XXXI.

IN thee my hope I plac'd,
Who beſt mad'ſt all things good,
See I be not diſgrac'd
Whilſt hope dies in the bud.

Me iuſt Reuenger free,
And from falſe foes exempt:
2 Beningly heare thou me,
And take me from contempt.

Keepe me as in a Rocke,
Where no path euer was,
Or clos'd where needs no lock,
Within a wall of braſſe.

3 Thou art my rocke ſo ſteepe
As none can footing winne,
My braſſe-wall trench'd ſo deepe
As none can enter in.

So may thy name affright
The minds of my proud foes,
4 That whilſt thou lead'ſt me right,
I may their ſnares diſcloſe.

5 Thou art my ſtrength, with thee
I leaue my life in truſt,
True of thy word ſaue me,
And keepe thy cou'nant iuſt.

6 I hate with all my heart
Thoſe that purſue vaine dreames,
My ſteddy hope thou art,
My hau'n in rougheſt ſtreames.

7 When dangers ſore oppreſſe,
The cleare light of thy grace
Doth griefe ſoone diſpoſſeſſe,
And brings ioy in the place.

8 Vext without right or lawes,
Where tyrant rage doth raigne,
Thou took'ſt me from his iawes,
And didſt pale death reſtraine.

9 Haue pitty then on him
Who all to peeces rent,
Mind, eye, and eu'ry limme
Is ſenſleſſe, dim, and ſpent.

10 My fraile life worne with anguiſh
Doth ſlide away, with groanes
My ſoiled forces languiſh,
And iuiceleſſe are my bones.

11 Who hates me takes a pride
At my miſhap to jeere,
Some ſlip for feare aſide,
And not a friend comes neere.

12 Rac'd out of mind, as dead,
My Kinne deny me place,
Where I was borne and bred
No pot-shard held more base.

13 In troops with publick scorne
The rascals me disdaine,
My death a crue hath sworne,
And plot with might and maine.

14 But confident the whiles
Of helpe from thee, my foes
Their threats, wrongs, taunts, and guiles
Disturb not my repose.

15 Of life thou guid'st the line,
And mak'st time swift or slow,
Free me who, Lord, am thine,
From rage of my fell foe.

16 Ah shew thy louely face
To me thy seruant deare,
Still let me find thy grace,
As those that doe thee feare.

17 Nor let it be my shame,
That I implore thine aid,
Blush they are worthy blame,
And deepe in silence laid

Sleepe they out their long night.
18 Dumb be the tongue doth vse
To lye, to barke, and bite,
And most the best abuse.

19 How

19 How great, how many be
Thy blessings to thy friends,
Witnesse the Poles that see,
Thine blest beyond their ends.

20 These safe thy Grace protects,
When great men threat and swell,
No poisonous tongue infects
Those in thy house who dwell.

21 Eternall be thy grace,
The worlds supremest Guide,
Who, as in a strong place,
Do'st me from danger hide.

22 Hopelesse, and helplesse when
I scarce was sau'd by flight,
I to my selfe said then
My God hath left me quite.

But hauing me in mind,
When direfull'st dangers prest,
Thou lent'st thy eare so kind
When I made my request.

23 To heau'n your hearts who vow'd,
Loue your all-fostring Sire
Who doth depresse the proud;
And raise his followers higher.

24 In God who put their trust
Rely on him in all,
Let Chance with no rough gust
Your courages appall.

PSAL: XXXII.

THrice blessed He whose heauenly Fathers grace
Remits his sinnes which kill the liuing soule,
And whose flagitious facts hid from his face
He buries deepe, nor puts them in his role.

2 Thrice blessed he to whom the Iudge of right
Imputes not his fraile lifes sin-straying wayes,
Nor in his heart found slights conceal'd from light,
Such as for shame Fraud in her closet layes.

3 Whilst in my breast I fostred the disease,
My bones displac'd, my ioints I scarce could draw,
And mournfull griefe, that nothing could appease,
Cri'd and complain'd, nor could I giue it law.

4 With thy strong hand enrag'd thou didst me presse,
Both when the night with clouds did hide the day,
And when the rosie Sun did him addresse
To show the world his beames to guide their way.

So wasting griefe discolour'd had my skin,
Paine dri'd my moisture pin'd with sad distresse,
That Cancer, when his furious flames begin
To burne the sand-sow'd crop, his rage is lesse.

5 Then did I change my mind, and shew'd my wound,
And laid my follies forth before thy face,
Disclos'd my fraud, then from sins bonds vnbound,
I reconcil'd was taken to thy grace.

6 Who seekes to keepe his court of Conscience sound,
With humble prayer let him appease thine ire,

Nor

Nor let him feare, though Earth the Seas confound,
The threats of direfull rage that burne like fire.

7 Thou ſtill at hand to helpe, doſt ſet me free
From perils which doe fiercely me aſſaile:
In all my parts are ioyes infus'd by thee,
Like his that breakes his bonds, and ſcapes the gaole.

8 Nor leau'ſt thou here: I will, ſaiſt thou, expell
The dusky clouds that keepe thy mind from light:
The bleſſed way of life I will thee tell,
Nor from thy ſteps will I reflect my ſight.

9 Now be not thou like Mule or Horſe, whoſe breſts
With brutiſh fury fill'd, doe follow kind,
And know no kindneſſe, but aduance their creſts,
Till bit and curb doe tame their fiercer mind.

10 Head-ſtrong iniquity ſhall vndergoe
A world of paines, but who ſincerely crane
Of God with faith (whoſe grace doth euer flow
To thoſe that humbly ſue) ſhall pardon haue.

11 Who all from Right, and in fee ſimple hold,
And who loue Truth, and know nor fraud, nor guile,
With geſture, and with voice, your ioyes vnfold,
Since graceſull Heau'n doth on you ſweetly ſmile.

PSAL. XXXIII.

YOu that chaſte loue to Righteouſneſſe profeſſe,
With chearfull layes ſing of the Lord, who made
The worlds round ball: 'tis fit your ſongs expreſſe
Your loue to Right, who know no other trade.

2 Him

2 Him praiſe with Harpe that yeelds a Siren ſound,
And Shalmes with wind that warbling notes diuide:
That hand that proues his maſters skill profound
On twice fiue ſtrings here let his art be tri'd.

3 Let vs to him new ſongs of ioy deuiſe,
And him alone ſound with the Trumpets ſhrill,
4 On whoſe bare word all faith and truth relyes,
And Equity attends his royall will.

5 For He's the God that Iuſtice loues, and right,
And truth; for why? in him no fraud is found,
His Bountie's knowne, expos'd to all mens ſight,
So far as the vaſt Earth hath any bound.

6 He with his word, (whoſe word is his decree)
The ſhining globe of brighter Heau'ns did bend
Like to a bow, and ſo the lights we ſee
In the flame colour'd skye their beames extend.

7 He bounds the reſtleſſe Ocean with a ſhore,
And curbs his lawleſſe rage begirt about,
The waters in a cellar kept for ſtore
When he hath cauſe to vſe, he calls them out.

8 Him Eaſt and Weſt both ſerue with awfull feare:
Who dwels in climes diſcou'red, or vnknowne
In th'vtmoſt bounds, where ſea and land appeare,
Adore he him as Sou'raigne Lord alone.

9 What here below drawes breath, or breathleſſe dies,
Doth liue and dye euen as he pleaſe to will,
Vnder whoſe changeleſſe law all trembling lies,
Bound to obey, and his Edicts fulfill.

10 Who far more wiſe then men profeſſing arts,
(Profaner men that vainer arts profeſſe)
He mockes the baſer births of their lewd harts,
And fruſtrate bad men of all good ſucceſſe.

11 But what the Author of all things propounds,
And keepes within the cloſet of his mind,
Whilſt day and night doe tread their meaſur'd rounds,
Shall ſteddy ſtand, nor alteration find.

12 Ah thrice, nay more then foure fold bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe patrone God takes on himſelfe to be,
And whom he tooke peculiarly, and choſe
To be his owne in a more neere degree.

13 From the ſtar-ſpangled vaults where Saints abide,
The Grand-Sire of the world caſts downe his eye,
14 And in his inmoſt roomes retir'd aſide,
Beholds the cares and toiles wherein men lye.

15 Who fram'd the heart, and her darke angles made,
And knowes what lurkes in eu'ry humane breſt,
There's nothing hid eu'n in the darkeſt ſhade,
That can be kept from him, or lye ſuppreſt.

16 The King in vaine troops with his muſtred bands
To be ſafe-guarded, and preſeru'd ſecure;
The Souldier hopes in vaine with his ſteel'd hands
Againſt his foe to be protected ſure.

17 Oft-times the Horſe that ouer-runs the winde
Deceiues his rider, nor performes his ſpeed,
18 But God beholds Iuſt men of heauenly kinde
With a fixt eye that ſtill his marke doth heed.

19 And

19 And doth retort the darts of daring fate,
And ſtops the iawes of hunger ſharpe and fell:
20 Hence comes our hope of helpe, and happy ſtate,
None can like him, and none will guard ſo well.

21 And hearts deuoted to his ſeruice, He
Beſprinkles all with oile of ioy, and brings
22 Their hopes, and vowes, that on him fixed be,
To happy end, whence endleſſe ſolace ſprings.

PSAL. XXXIV.

IN weale, or woe, what e're befall,
At all times I the Lord will praiſe,
My mouth with high-ſtrain'd accents ſhall
His praiſe reſound, and alwaies raiſe.

2 This ſhall my ioy and comfort be,
And preſent eaſe in dire diſtreſſe,
The mournfull crue thus following me,
Shall cauſe their ſorrow ſeeme the leſſe.

3 Thus all in one, let vs purſue
With praiſe his name and ſou'raigne might.
4 In dangers when I call'd, he knew
My voice, and ſoone put feare to flight.

5 Who heart and all to him apply,
With cheerfull hue their viſage ſhines,
Nor ſhame with her cheek-ſtaining dye,
Shall ſhew them croſt in their deſignes.

6 Behold this poore penurious wretch
When he to him for aide did call,

He

He forth his saving arme did stretch,
And freed him from what ill might fall.

7 Who feare the Lord an Angell sent
Doth guard their camps, and fence them so,
That impious force against them bent,
He foiles them all, leaues not a foe.

8 Make proofe, and you shall quickly see
How far Gods bounty doth extend,
And know how blest they onely be,
Who hope, and hap to him commend.

9 You holy Nations serue the Lord,
They nothing want who him adore.
10 Extortious wrongs doe not afford
Their masters food, when these haue store.

11 Come heauens delight, attend, and heare,
Whilst I the Lords true feare relate:
12 Who look'st for life from dangers cleare,
And for long daies in happy state,

13 Refraine thy tongue from poisonous spite,
And keepe thy lips from cursed fraud,
14 Auoid the crooked waies, doe right,
And loue sweet rest, and peace applaud.

15 The Lord beholds the innocent,
And to their vowes lends open eare,
16 His brow against the wicked bent,
Their names in no records appeare.

17 The Lord attends the iust mans plaint,

And

And frees him from all preſſing ills,
18 When others with loſt labour faint,
And hopeleſſe are to worke their wills.

And when the minde with griefes oppreſt
Doth vnderlye the waight it beares,
Gods helpe at hand is ſtill addreſt,
And care-diſtracted ſoules vp-reares.

19 What good men would blinde Chance enuies,
And taskes them to laborious toiles,
But God, who guards the godly wiſe,
Abates her edge, and forces ſoiles.

20, 21 And keepes the bones in their right place
Vnbroken by the hands of foes,
When lewd men (to their more diſgrace)
By their owne ſinnes worke their owne woes.

And he who's not the godlies friend,
Shall with his houſe quite ruin'd fall,
22 But who ſerues God, he doth defend
His life, houſe, liuelihood, and all.

PSAL. XXXV.

BLeſt Architect, who mad'ſt the worlds wide frame;
Come and protect me, and my cauſe defend,
And to my foes with ignominious ſhame
Retort the ill which they tow'rds me intend.
2, 3 Take with thy darts thy all-reſiſting ſhield,
And draw thy ſword, and meet my foes i'th field.

Say to my ſoule, ſecured by mine aid
Let not thy courage be appall'd with feare,

4 The ſhamefull bluſh that ſhowes a mind diſmaid
Be that the colour, and let that appeare
In my foes front, and turne they ſoone their backe,
Who their blind traps prepar'd to work my wracke.

5 As Boreas fierce doth whirle the duſt about,
So let the wreakfull Angell in their flight
6 Hard at the heeles purſue this heartleſſe rout
Dabling in durt, let then the ſullen night
Cloud all her lampes, that frighted with her frowne,
The wreakfull Angell then may ding them downe.

7 For ſince they ſought by their lewd luring traines,
To take me in their nets who meant but good,
And digg'd a pit in th'Earths deepe hollow veines,
8 Snar'd be they in the nets laid for my blood,
And where my death was threatned, in that pit
Headlong fall they, and blindfold lye in it.

9 In the meane time my heart ſhall leape withall,
All ſweet delight infus'd. My mind now free
By grant of grace from harmes that might befall,
Shall praiſe the Lord, whence comfort comes to me;
10 And all the ſenſes that expreſſe the mind,
Shall cry, and ſay, None like our God we find,

Who guards the poore from violence of thoſe
That preſſe them down with their huge waight of pride,
And whoſe reuenging hand keepes off the blowes
That would confound, were he not on their ſide.
11 Conſpiring Calumny doth ſpit her ſpite,
And of foule crimes me guiltleſſe doth endite.

12 They feigne flagitious facts which I ne're knew,

To bring my ſoule vnto a ſhamefull end.
What I did well with malice they purſue,
And breake their ſleepes whilſt they my death intend.
13 Whilſt poiſ'nous griefe burnes like a plaguy ſore,
And eats their intrails, in ill eaſe before,

I in a ſable hue, and mourning weed,
Deform'd, and worne, ſcourg'd with pale famines rod,
Groueling on ground, eyes, hand, and heart agree'd,
With teares and humble ſute t'appeaſe my God.
14 So friend for friend, ſo brother mourns for brother,
So ſons bedew with teares their deare dead mother.

15 If Fortune toucht me with her heauy hand,
They flock, and ioy at my ſuppoſed ills,
The raſcall rout, when I thinke nothing, band
To worke on me their proud and ſpiteſull wills.
16 Baſe Paraſites, and all the babling crue,
Whet tooth on tooth, and their fell poiſon ſpue.

17 O Father deare when ſhall this long forbaring,
And irkſome patience haue a finall end?
Reſtraine this ſcoffing pride, and ſaucy daring,
And me thus left let not fierce Lyons rend:
18 That this by thee I may acknowledge done,
That now I liue, and ſee the louely Sunne.

And in the ſolemne meetings I will ſing
Of Thee, and of thy ready helpe to thoſe
Who call on thee, the vniuerſall King.
19 Nor let the crue which fat and fulſome growes
By laughing at mine ills, to ſee me pin'd,
Nouriſh vaine hopes of wrongs which they deſign'd.

With nods and winkes let not my cruell foe
Note me, nor triumph at my bad ſucceſſe,
20 Who ſtill inſults with ſcornfull words that flow
From his fell gall, and ill-aduis'd doth preſſe
On me with traines (that faine would liue at reſt)
To ſnare me ſleeping, by his guiles oppreſt.

21 They girne and fleere, and, Ha, ſay they, our eyes,
Our eyes haue ſeene this ſmiling ſun-ſhine day.
22 Who view'ſt with thy all-ſeeing lampes what lies
In the wide world diſperſt, canſt thou yet ſtay,
And ſee, ſee this? Then ſetting all aſide,
Protect thou me. Delay drawes on their pride.

23 Vp, vp at length with thy reuenging hand
Batter and bruiſe the refractary proud:
24 And thou iuſt Iudge with iuſt reuenge withſtand
Lewd mens attempts, that will not elſe be bow'd,
Nor let them beare, as they had wonne a prize,
Mirth in their mindes, when teares are in mine eies.

25 Nor let them mutter in their inward ſoule,
Ha, ha, all now goes right, and farre beyond
Our hopefull plots, now haue we wonne the goale,
See where he lies, whoſe hopes were vaine and fond.
26 Let them repay with ignominious ſhame
Their fooliſh mirth, and pride that mou'd the ſame.

And let the bluſhing hue, which ſhame attends,
Repell the ioyes vnſeaſonably bred
Within their breſts, to ſee me miſſe my ends.
27 But who are with another ſpirit led,
And take to heart to ſee me walke vpright,
Vſher'd by Conſcience that no feares affright,

Liue they a life from ſorrow far remote
In ſweet repoſe, and raiſe vnto the skye
Their Sou'raignes praiſe, ſtrain'd to the higheſt note,
Who frees from cares thoſe that on him rely.
28 Bleſt Sauiour of mankind, let my tongue ſing
Thy Iuſtice alwaies, whence all right doth ſpring,
And tell thy Grace, which guides the ruling raines,
Whilſt in my breſt one ſparke of heate remaines.

PSAL. XXXVI.

ALthough thou burne in ſacred flames
The intrailes of a thouſand Cowes,
Kiſſe ſtockes and ſtones, with hallow'd names,
And mumble double praiers and vowes,
And heape thine Altars all beſet
With the beſt gifts that thou canſt get.

I will not yet thinke thee a jot
The more religious for all that,
Since that thy ſins ſay thou art not,
And all thou do'ſt denyeth flat
There is a God that rules at all
With prouidence this our round ball.

2 How plauſible ſoe're thou ſeeme
And faire in ſhow aboue the reſt,
Yet all may ſee, and ſeeing deeme
Foule ſinne lyes cloſe couch'd in thy breſt,
And burſting forth like fire brings hate,
Which followes thee with ſhame her mate.

3 What e're thou ſaiſt is guilt with guile,
With thankleſſe eares thou putteſt by

All wholesome words, and others while
They wish thy good, thou think'st they lye:
4 Contriuing mischiefe all night long,
Thou fly'st from right, and fostrest wrong.

5 Great ruler of the world, the land,
The sea and sky thee gracious find,
And all that heauen enfolds, doth stand
And fall to thee, all in their kind.
6 Thy rule of right and sacred skill,
As it made all, so guides all still.

It higher is then tops of hils
Whereon the snow doth longest lye,
Deeper then gulfes that nothing fills,
Hence men draw breath, and liue thereby:
Nor scape thy care the beasts on earth,
Nor creeping things of lowest birth.

7 In this all comforts that we haue
Of life, and liuelihood are found,
Whilst the pure soule is made a slaue
Here in the bodies dungeon bound.
As birds by dammes safe brooded lye,
So by thine aid all harmes we flye.

8 But when the exil'd mind is free
By death, and goes from whence it came,
Where all the roomes star-spangled be,
There want, and with her griefe, and shame
Are banish'd, there hath eu'ry man
More then he wish'd, wish what he can.

There pleasures are strew'd all about,

And vnmixt ioyes doe there abound,
There like a torrent gusheth out
Streames of delights not elsewhere found.
9 Thence springs the life whose fount still flowes,
The life which Deaths sithe neuer mowes.

There vanish mists that darke our minds,
And like to clouds doe blind our hearts,
But from thy face the beame that findes
His radiant light, vs light imparts;
Which shall with knowledge feed the mind,
That leaues no dregs of filth behind.

10 Those with thy gracious goodnesse cheere
Who know thee, and what thou hast done,
And loue the truth, to thee so deare,
With heart and mind cleare as the Sun,
Let, let them now in iustice haue
The blessings which thy Grace first gaue.

11 Nor let the foot of surly pride
Trample on me, nor let the rout
Of impious men put me beside
My house, and home, and thrust me out.
12 Who ioy in sin be sin their fall,
That they once downe, rise not at all.

PSAL. XXXVII.

AH let not Spite enflame thy gall,
Though fortunate thou lewd men find,
Nor at their wealth fret thou at all,
More fugitiue then is the wind.

2 So fades their ſhadow of renowne,
And ſeeming ſhow of happy ſtate,
As graſſe in flowry meades cut downe,
Whoſe leaues their verdure ſoone abate.

3 Truſt thou in God, with heart and hand
Purſue the trade of right, and truth,
So will he giue thee houſe and land,
And feed thy age, who nurſt thy youth.

4 Rapt be thy ſoule with his delight,
And of thy ioy be he the baſe,
So cheer'd and cheriſht day and night,
He'll crowne thy wiſhes with his grace.

5 Commit thy life, goods, and good name
To his alone directing hand,
Then as thy ſelfe would'ſt haue the ſame,
Thy hope and hap ſhall iointly ſtand.

6 Like heau'ns great light when it doth riſe,
Thy Iuſtice he will make appeare,
Thy Iudgement too in all mens eyes
Like beames at mid-day ſhall be cleare.

7 Beare thou the croſſes that may fall,
And if thou ſee (which few can brooke)
The wicked with their pride ſway all,
Yet caſt not thou a lowring looke.

8 Reſtraine the current of thine ire,
And let not hurtfull paſſion in,
Leſt emulation moue deſire
To run the common courſe of ſin.

9 Vngodly men ſhall neuer ſtand,
But paſſe as ſmoake with ayrie wings,
When godly men poſſeſſe the land,
Left to their ſeed that after ſpringe.

10 Stay but a while and thou ſhalt ſee
The wicked man conſum'd and gone,
His towres of pride ſhall ruin'd be,
And no ſigne left to gaze vpon.

11 The golden meane in humble mind,
Shall bleſſe the meeke with peace and reſt,
And leaue his well-got lands behind,
Of rightfull heires to be poſſeſt.

12 The graceleſſe man doth ſpread his net
The good with cunning to enſnare,
And his enuenom'd tuſhes whet,
Chaf'd with deſpight, and fretfull care.

13 But God beholds this from his throne,
And laughes to ſcorne theſe threats ſo vaine,
For he fore-ſees he ſoone muſt groane
Vpon the rack of tort'ring paine.

14 The wicked man doth draw his ſword,
And bends his bow to take his marke
At him who's iuſt in deed and word
The humble Deere in Gods owne parke.

15 But his drawne ſword with edge reuers'd
Shall wound his maſter with the blow,
His ſhaft in vaine made to haue pierc'd,
Shall breake aſunder with his bow.

16 Plaine homely ſtuffe ſalne to thy lot
By a faire courſe ſhall grace thee more,
Then all the lothed ſpoiles ill-got
By rich men pillaging the poore.

17 Extortious goods the Iudge of right
Shall ſcatter wide, and bring to duſt
The mountaines of theſe men of might,
And with his right hand guard the iuſt.

18 God foſters theſe who harmleſſe be,
And what they haue his grace aſſures,
Their birth-right too by his decree
Beyond the date of daies endures.

19 When plaguy boiles, and furious armes
Doe all the world with rage infeſt,
Then he whoſe hand is free from harmes,
Shall not with pining dearth be preſt.

20 But impious men 'gainſt heauen that fight,
Shall periſh quite without delay,
And vaniſh in the ſmoke ſo light,
As fat of Lambes that melt away.

21 Vnrighteous men not giue, nor lend,
But borrow, and not pay againe,
When frugally the Iuſt doe ſpend
And portions for the poore retaine.

22 The Iuſt mans friends ſhall free diſpoſe
Poſſeſſions to their hopefull breed,
When as the ſeed of his proud foes
Shall want a root the ſtock to feed.

23 The Lord loues Iuſt men, and ſuſtaines
Their ſteps in all the wayes of right,
24 His right hand them from ſlips reſtraines,
And if they fall they fall not quite.

25 I was a childe, now aged growne,
Yet neuer ſaw in all this ſpace
The iuſt man left, nor his haue knowne
To beg their bread from place to place.

26 The righteous man in time of need
Vnto the poore doth lend, and giue,
Yet leaues to them that ſhall ſucceed
Enough whereby they richly liue.

27 Eſchew the wrong and winding waies,
And follow right as heauen ſhall guide,
So whilſt the Sunne with golden rayes
Directs the day, thine ſhall abide.

28 The Lord takes truth and right to heart,
And neuer honeſt men forſakes,
But they that from his wayes depart,
Their fruitleſſe ſeed no rooting takes.

29 The Iuſt man that is faire poſſeſt
Of lands, of goods, of hoofe, or horne,
Both he and his ſhall ſee it bleſt,
While day and night haue euen and morne.

30 Wiſedome and Truth doe ſtill abide
Within the lips of honeſt men,
31 And heauens iuſt lawes in heart reſide
To keepe their feet from Errours denne.

32 When

32 When impious men watch very neere,
To bring the iuſt man to his end,
33 Then God who ſees his cauſe is cleare,
From vniuſt doome will him defend.

34 Hope thou in God, his lawes enſue,
Then great in wealth, and high in place
Hee'll giue thee helpe, and health to view
Thy foes to fall before thy face.

35 I ſaw great men as freſh and tall
As bayes that growes by'th riuer ride,
Who whilſt they will, or would haue all,
Goe ſtrouting out with ſwelling pride.

36 I turn'd my eye, and loe the ſhape
And ſubſtance gone of all their glory,
Their boundleſſe pow'r which naught could ſcape,
Left but their fall to tell their ſtory.

37 Behold the ſtate, and ſtately traine
Of men vpright, whoſe lowly mind,
Crown'd with content endures no paine,
And in old age ſweet quiet find.

38 But factious men for miſchiefe preſt,
Their glaſſe ſoone's run, and pleaſure paſt,
An end which ſuites with all the reſt
Concludes their loathed life at laſt.

39 The iuſt man caſts his anchor deepe
Of ſolid Hope in heau'n aboue,
Which ſteddy doth the righteous keepe,
That earth nor hell can him remoue.

40 The Lord giues aid to thoſe that craue,
And from all harmes he ſets them cleare,
Who him entruſt with all they haue,
What man can doe they need not feare.

PSAL. XXXVIII.

COrrect me not, Lord, in thy burning ire,
(Who mad'ſt and rul'ſt the vniuerſall maſſe)
Though I deſerue what Iuſtice may require,
Yet let not Fury on my Iudgement paſſe.

2 The arrowes deepe within my entrailes ſticke,
Which thy right hand did leuell at my heart,
Thy wrath ſo gaules, my conſcience ſo doth pricke,
(And forc'd by them feare ſeizeth eu'ry part,)

3 That in my wounded ſoule no peece is free
From mortall ſins, which ſo waſte all within,
As that my bones (their ioints ſo looſened be)
Haue ſuckt the poiſon of infecting ſin:

4 Of ſin that doth ingulfe me in the maine,
And if my head aboue the waues but peepe,
Or that I doe but ſtriue to riſe againe,
It weighes me like a ſtone downe to the deepe.

5 The new skinn'd skarres of my old wounds renew'd,
Spue out foule matter, and with paine brought low,
6 With anguiſh, and long lying vglie hu'd,
The worſt, and laſt of ills, ſurcharge my woe.

7 The plague-ſore hid within my belly boiles,
Nor any part without is free from paine,

8 So weake am I, and broken too with toiles,
That day and night I am enforc'd to plaine.

And made to yeeld vnto my preſſing ills
My heart doth cry, and like a Lion roare,
9 Thou Monarch of the world, whoſe power all fils,
Know'ſt what my ſoule deſires, and ſighes implore.

10 My trembling heart, and troubled mind with feare
Doe beat, and pant, the iuice, that all parts fed,
And vigour ſpent, no force is left to cheare
My members ſtricken with a palſie dead.

My eyes now drawing tow'rds their euening, cloud.
11 Neere neighbors, & deere friends, & neerer bound
By deerer linke of blood, me diſauow'd,
And all cry'd faugh, lothing my parts vnſound.

12 But that proud crue ſtill ready for my ill,
Deuiſing wrong with vtmoſt maine, and might,
Spread their ſlye nets, and that they hold on ſtill,
And impious fraud affaid they day and night.

13,14 In the meane while like him was deafe & mute,
I ſtone-ſtill ſtood, and ſilence kept as one
Who wanted words, and reaſons to confute
Obiected crimes, and could reply to none.

15 Whoſe power rules all, O guide me with thy grace,
16 In thee my hope is fixt, then let not pride
With ſcorne inſult to ſee my dolefull caſe,
Or foes triumph if foot but ſlip aſide.

17 I ready am thy ſturdy ſtroaks to beare,

My skin ſwels with the markes ſtill black and blue,
Rent as a plow ſhare doth the furrowes teare,
So in long ſtreakes it ſhewes a bloody hue.

18 My ſins I know deſerue, deſerue the wound,
And worthily I all theſe plagues ſuſtaine,
19 But ſtill my foe, my cruell foe gets ground,
The faction too doth ſtrength and courage gaine.

20 They liue, and liuing ſprout, and beare vp head,
And though of them I, Lord, deſerue no ill,
With wrongs they me purſue, by fury lead,
And iniuries repay for my good will.

And ſtill they ſpit their gall, and wot youwhy?
Becauſe I alwayes follow that is right.
21 But be not thou far off, nor let me lye,
Nor leaue me thus engag'd to ſpitefull'ſt ſpite.
22 Make haſt, and giue me thy ſweet ſauing hand,
Since for my helpe, I haue but thee to ſtand.

PSAL. XXXIX.

VVHen my fell foe triumphing at my harme,
Prouok'd me with tart taunts, I in my mind
Reſolu'd from biting tearmes my tongue to charme,
And brawling ſhun, and all of that baſe kind.
2 I lock'd my lips, and rein'd my tongue ſo hard,
As not a word could ſcape, all was ſo barr'd.

But leſt my mouth might raſhly ſpit her gall,
I let not paſſe euen words were good and kind,
3 But griefe, like fire, finding no vent at all,
To burne within the more did fuell find,

And

And rage at laſt, that burſt the curbing reines,
Thus on the Lord ſhe calls, and thus complaines:

4 Shew, ſhew what bounds thou to my daies haſt ſet?
When ſhall I flye, and from this dungeon free
Be rid of loathſome cares, that inly fret?
5 Thou liu'ſt paſt date, there is no end with thee,
Bleſt of thy ſelfe, and of thy ſelfe moſt ſtrong;
But ſoone our glaſſe is run, we liue not long.

6 And almoſt leſſe then nothing are our yeares,
Like to a flitting ſhade, or breathleſſe ſhape
Which in the ſurface of a glaſſe appeares,
Nor that can vaine and anxious cares eſcape:
Luſt rackes the mind, and ioy doth raiſe his creſt,
Hope mounts him vp, by feare againe depreſt.

We tumults raiſe, and ſpend we know not how,
(Without aduiſe not looking to the maine)
Our life in things, which folly may auow,
But of no moment, fruitleſſe are, and vaine:
So whiles we toile, and moile, abroad, at home,
We gather wealth apace, God knowes for whom.

7 On which ſide ſhall I turne? who giues me ayd,
Toſt, and garboild? who frees me wrapt in woes?
8 In thee is all my hope. Stop vndelaid
This ſinke of ſinne whence all this miſchiefe flowes,
And leaue me not to impious follies ſcorne,
Launc'd with their ſcoffes and taunts not to be born.

9 I held my peace, when I perceiu'd theſe ills
Of thy fierce wrath for ſin reuengers were,
10 Who mad'ſt mankind, and guid'ſt their waies, & wils,

Thy

Thy lashes yet a little while forbeare,
Since strength doth faile, nor doth my life suffice
To beare the growing paines that still arise.

11 When as thy plagues pursue our fretting sin,
Soone strength and beauty fade, and flit away,
As Mothes eate cloth when once they are got in.
O, man's a fraile and brittle peece of clay.
12 Yet to my prayers thy eares, mild Father lend,
Nor scorne the words which to thy throane I send.

Turne not thy face from his bedewed eies,
That liues a pilgrime, and a wandring guest,
Nor I, nor had my parents in like wise
A staid place here, where we our foot might rest:
But day by day, and ev'ry moment went,
We spent our short liues in long cares perplext.

13 Then for a while forbeare thy sharper hand,
That I afresh my fainting breath may draw,
Before that I at Deaths broad gates doe stand,
Where entring once, there's no returne in law:
For if he take neuer so little hold
There's no redemption, goe must young and old.

PSAL. XL.

VVHen feare & threats about me bellow'd roud
And cruell Death shook his deuouring dart,
Yet Hope from Heauen, though late, at last I found,
Which swag'd chill cares lay trembling at my heart.
2 The Lord perceiu'd, and from the gulfe me took,
Nor in the mire o're head and eares forsooke;

But on the tops of solid rockes he plac'd,

And shew'd me a faire way where I should goe,
3 And in my breast (with ruines all defac'd)
Inspir'd new breath, and did new matter show,
That I might sing his praise on sweet tun'd strings,
In numbers smooth which no harsh discord brings.

Let them see this, who all euents impute
To whirling Chance, or furious force of Fate,
And let them trembling when they haue a sute
Rest on that Lord who keepes in heauen his state:
4 Thrice happy he who casts his lookes on high,
That Faith and Hope may on the Lord rely.

And blessed he whom pompe of swelling pride
Leades not along with her alluring traines,
Nor drawes the mind with seeming good aside.
5 But, sacred Sire, how many a pledge remaines
Of thy great care to vs, which our weake sight
Sees not, nor tongue their number can recite?

6 Thou pluck'st me closely by the eare, and tells
That neither gold buyes out the guilt of sin,
Nor blood of harmlesse beasts the same repels,
Nor Holocausts can clense our crimes within:
Since then of me thou, Lord, seek'st no such thing,
But from thy Grace thy fauours freely spring.

7 I come, said I, command thou me, and spare not,
Here, sacred Sire, to doe thy will I stand,
Reueal'd in Volumes which the lewdest dare not
Of taxe with nouelty, or errour brand:
My mind to this, to this my study bends,
(Which is my first, all else are second ends)

8 That what I doe, or ſay, or keepe in mind,
I may conforme all to thy ſacred bent,
For in my heart deepe graued thou maiſt find
Thy ſacred Law that ſhewes thy wills extent.
9 I preach abroad to Nations far and wide
Thy Iuſtice ſo renown'd, ſo often tride.

Nor ſhall my lips take reſt, nor tongue lye ſtill,
But ſhall thy mercy and thy iuſtice tell,
And with thy name all Nations will I fill,
Thou ſeeſt it, Lord, and know'ſt it too right well,
10 For I conceal'd not thy iuſt rage to ſin,
Nor to the poore how good thou ſtill haſt bin.

By my report thy goodneſſe is made knowne
To all the lands abroad, thy truth withall,
11 Then let thy goodneſſe, and thy faith, which none
Found euer yet to faile, or ſhort to fall,
Saue me beſet with troopes of miſchiefe round,
Kept by thy hand which all things here did found.

12 Sore paines which paſſe the hayres vpon my head,
Vexe me on all ſides, which the ſharpeſt ſight
Cannot ſo ſoone diſcry: My mind halfe dead,
And ſtupid growne, with cares is burn'd vp quite:
13 Worlds ſacred Founder, come, giue preſent aid,
And draw me out with vtmoſt ills o're-laid.

14 That of their plots aſham'd may lewd men be,
Let them heart-breaking Infamy attend,
And who layes ſnares to haue intrapped me,
Let all their drifts come to a ſhamefull end,
15 And taking pleaſure in my ſad diſtreſſe,
Be this the harueſt of their wickedneſſe,

That they themſelues into the ſnares may fall
Which ſlily they had laid to catch me in,
And let them fruſtrate ſee their ends in all,
Be ſhame their coop, ſince what they ſow'd was ſin.
And bluſh he ſtill, and alwaies let him grieue,
Who with my teares fed fat laughes in his ſleeue.

16 But who commend them wholly to thy grace,
Let hope of help refreſh their drooping limmes,
And let them alwaies, and in eu'ry place
Extoll IEHOVAHS louely name with Hymnes.
17 Though hopeleſſe, poore, and comfortleſſe I be,
Who guards all things he made wards ouer me.
The keeper of my life, and ſureſt ſtay,
Come, vexe me not with too too long delay.

PSAL. XLI.

BLeſt is the man commiſerates the poore,
And brings him helpe when hope begins to die,
And when he finds him trampled on the floore,
Scoules not at him with a diſdainfull eie.
Whom men would think to be in peeces rent,
Him God will reare, and cheare him wholly ſpent.

2 With faithfull care God will him fence about,
And ſet him free from harmes, that ſafe and ſound
Amongſt the liuing here enioy he mought
A bleſſed life where all contents abound,
3 When on his couch griefe layes his aking head,
He helpe him then, and makes his eaſefull bed.

And all his griefe that pain'd him ſo before,
4 He turnes to ſweet repoſe. So when decaid

With

With him [illegible] was full sore,
Of thee, O God, I cri'd relefe, and said
My wounded soule of that foule sore recure,
Which sinne hath made so lothsome to endure.

5 My foe with direfull imprecations sends
Me to the pit of hell, and in my losse
He triumph makes, And thus he saith, When ends
That lothed life of his? When shall that drosse
Of his impurer carkasse in one night,
Together with his name be put out quite.

6 And if by chance one of this crue espie
Me drooping goe in body or in mind,
He faines as if he mourn'd in passing by,
And sighes, forsooth, after a sporting kind.
When going on, and that his backe's but turn'd,
He spits his gall, that in his bosome burn'd.

7 The wicked crue conspiring against me,
Whisper in one anothers eare their spite,
And closely plot their mischiefes, and agree
To ioyne in one, and ouer-beare me quite:
8 And boast that heauē sent this dire plague to grieue
And bound me with his bonds, nor will relieue.

He lyes, say they, deiected in his bed
Breathing his last breath in his latter night.
9 But he, in house, at board, who dwelt, and fed,
My Mate with whom my life I thought I might
And liuelihood haue left in surest guard,
Euen he, as fierce and fell as who most dar'd,

He taking part with my proud foes, did spurne

10 And

10 And kicke at me. But thou [illegible] doth giue
Me helpe and health, and all base spite didst turne
Vnto my good, that I might sweetly liue,
Thine eye of grace, and hand of help, Lord, tender,
That to my foes I like for like may render.

11 This of thy grace the surest pledge shall be,
And of thy constant purpose in mine aid,
When as my foe, shall not triumph o're me,
And though he storme his courage shall be laid.
12 My body now his former strength retaines,
My innocence still in my mind remaines.

And all proceeds from this, that thou thy hand
Extend'st to me, who took'st me to thy charge,
That I might safe by thy protection stand,
And alwaies fenc'd. Now set by thee at large,
13 Thee let the world acknowledge and adore,
(Whom *Isæ'chs* race doth serue, and no gods more)
And let them sing thy praise while day and night
Betwixt them share the darknesse and the light.

FINIS.
